GAY RIGHTS: THE COMING STRUGGLE **KEN ROSS**

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 19, 1977 *60 cents*

JOHNSON CITY TN 37601
E TENN ST UNIV
PERIOD DEPT
SHERROD LIB NOV 21 1977
141378 AGS
0879

Michael Yates
The Trouble With Chavez
A Union Is Not a 'Movement'

UNDER THE LID OF WEST GERMANY **A Cauldron of Paradoxes**
NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Germany's Terrorist Lexicon
IRENE DISCHE

Stateville
A BASTILLE IN ILLINOIS
Jay L. Kaplan

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

the treaty charade

Camas, Wash.

The editorial "Ditching the Panamanians" [*The Nation,* Oct. 22] was a superb example of independent thinking, and a classic refutation of Establishment wisdom. The White House, State Department and the Pentagon would have us think that the "extreme Right" is the only force that finds fault with the treaty. As the editorial showed, this is a convenient cover for protecting the *real* Right, or moneyed Right, and its interests in Panama, and elsewhere in Latin America.

As the editorial stated, the treaty is designed primarily to assuage the "sensitivities" of the Latin Americans, and to help remove one bone of contention between the masses and their dictatorial leaders friendly to the United States: the dictators' acquiescence in continued United States control in Panama. By making them seem patriotic, it is thought in Washington, they will not seem to be completely "Washington's men."

Neocolonialism is the main characteristic of U.S. policy toward Latin America, and the imperatives of that policy demand that a colonial enclave under direct rule be "ditched" to preserve more important interests.

Frank W. Goheen

artists behind bars

Kudos to Ms. Gayle E. Wood ["Art in Prison: A Way Out of the Sewer," *The Nation,* Oct. 15] featuring the plight of struggling artists inside the nation's prisons. Too bad the National Endowment for the Arts is being hoodwinked by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. While they shell out ten grand a year for the underwriting of inmate artists, the officials at this Federal Correctional Institution recently purchased three oil works under Contract No. GS-OOS-33711 from Concept Merchandising, Inc. for $202.82. Yet we have some of the federal prison system's most talented artists confined here at Butner. The Bungling Bureaucrats Blow it again!

Raymond E. James, Duke Unit (#35259-136)
Federal Correctional Institution, P.O. Box #1000
Butner, N.C. 27509

Nazis' roots

Yonkers, N.Y.

In re Skokie, Ill.: [editorial, "For All or for None," *The Nation,* Oct. 15], don't you get *any* letters in support of the Bill of Rights? (That would not surprise me.) The three letters, one in the issue of Oct. 29 and two in the issue of Nov. 5, seem to be based on the premise that the exercise of the right of free speech and assembly brought Hitler to power. How naive! How stoopid! (Yes, stoopid.) It was the worldwide depression bearing the label "Made in the U.S.A." that brought Hitler to power. Why not devote an issue of *The Nation* to teach some history? Review the Coolidge era. When eighteen U.S. economists warned of an inevitable collapse he told them they were rocking the boat. That's how unseaworthy the ship of state was. That's how unseaworthy it is today and no amount of suppression of the degenerates can stop another upheaval.

If I lived in Skokie I would urge my fellow Jews to act as protectors of the Nazi parade, reserving to ourselves the right to hold our noses or wear masks against the stench.

As one who, under the auspices of the Socialist Party, campaigned as a street-corner speaker against our entry into World War I and against the draft (until I was drafted and sent overseas) and experienced the suspension of the Bill of Rights, I know the value of the right of free speech for all!

Louis Weil

EDITORIALS

They Never Laid a Hand on Him

The Helms case has now been settled by a bargain that led to a no-contest plea to the reduced charge of a misdemeanor—as against the crime of perjury before Congress (which he certainly committed)—followed by a $2,000 fine, a two-year jail sentence (suspended) and a year of unsupervised probation. But if the case has been settled, the situation that occasioned it has left a painful hangover, along with some unfinished business. We will get to the latter in a minute, but first the headache.

The pain comes mainly from the startling contrast between the words uttered in the courtroom and the phrases that fell from the lips of Helms and his high-powered lawyer on the courthouse steps. Inside the halls of justice Edward Bennett Williams, the lawyer, had begged the court for leniency for his client on the ground that he would carry "the scar of a conviction for the rest of his days." Outside the court, a trice later, as Helms and Williams talked to reporters, that "scar" had been miraculously changed into "a badge of honor," even a "banner," as the wily attorney put it.

The decicatrization of Richard Helms belongs in the book of miracles for its speed, if not in *The Guinness Book of World Records* for its cynicism. For the truth is that there was never any doubt—*pace* the vaunted independence of our judiciary and of the judge in this case, Barrington Parker—that Helms would walk out of that court with only the faintest tap on the wrist for his lies to the Senate about the CIA's sinister $8 million involvement in the corruption of Chile's politics. The federal government, right up to the Oval Office itself, dithered for months before it was decided to plea-bargain with Helms. The *quid* the government got for the *quo* of Helms's agreement to enter a *nolo* plea to a misdemeanor was the avoidance of a trial to which the former CIA chief could have brought a heavy load of dirty linen for judicial laundering. Among others, Henry Kissinger's splattered shirts would have been revealed for all to see.

In order to avoid such a spectacle, the government went to extraordinary lengths, even manufacturing a "'crime' for the occasion" to which Helms could plead his *nolo,* as Joseph L. Rauh Jr. points out in a letter to *The Washington Post* (November 9). It was "plea-bargaining run riot," Rauh writes. To spare Helms from having to plead to the crime of perjury, which certainly exists, the Justice Department charged him with, he pleaded to, and Judge Parker sentenced him for "a 'crime' that doesn't exist." There is no such misdemeanor as failing to testify "fully, completely and accurately" before Congress. Rauh also makes the sensible moral suggestion that Helms could have avoided all that "anguish" by taking "the honorable course" of refusing to discuss the CIA's role in Chile, even though he would have thus risked losing the ambassadorship to Iran. "The CIA now knows," Rauh concludes, "that the law is only peripherally for them. The true lesson of Watergate has even now not been learned."

Judge Parker did his manful best to put on a show of stern, impartial judicial authority and thus to avoid the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appearance of a fix. "You now stand before this court in disgrace and shame," he told the penitent before him. "If public officials embark deliberately on a course to disobey and ignore the laws of our land . . . the future of our country is in jeopardy." Of course that is exactly the course Helms took when he chose to deceive the Senate rather than violate that other oath he had taken, the one to conceal the secrets of national security at any cost.

The judge even found it within him to declare that "From this day forward, let there be no doubt that no one in government is above the law." That is a variation on the theme expressed by Carter at his 1976 Convention, when he said: "It is time for our government leaders to respect the law no less than the humblest citizen, so that we can end the double standard of justice in America. I see no reason why big-shot crooks should go free while the poor ones go to jail." On Washington's cocktail party circuit where sympathetic murmurs for Helms are served with the canapes, there will be jokes about that juxtaposition.

The unfinished business about Helms has to do with the court cases arising from the infamous Operation Chaos spawned by the Nixon White House while Helms was director of the CIA. As Anthony Lewis recalled in *The New York Times* (November 7), that operation aimed more at producing rather than controlling chaos in the body politic. It involved the CIA in intercepting Americans' letters and cables, despite its charter limiting it to foreign intelligence, and in setting up of files on some 300,000 opponents of the war in Vietnam.

Cases brought by victims of this outrageous government harassment are moving sluggishly toward trial and the Department of Justice has had the nerve to obtain a court order that prevents the making public of even unclassified information on the extent of this scandalous operation. Hardly ever has the notion of "national security" been more grossly misused, since none is at stake. Nevertheless, a gag order is in effect that prevents the plaintiffs or their lawyers in the Chaos cases from making public these unclassified documents.

It would be a fine, and even elegant gesture, if Richard Helms, who allowed these things to be done and who escaped serious punishment for his lying to the national legislature, were to declare that his government should let the truth be known about Operation Chaos. The authorities might even listen to him, and then he might be at least partly healed of the scar he was represented as carrying before he came out on the courthouse steps.

Senatorial Saboteur

It is possible that Sen. Henry M. Jackson would be less dangerous on matters of arms control if he were President than he is as chairman of the Senate's Armed Forces subcommittee that deals with this vital matter. But the Democratic voters in last year's primaries decided that the Senator from Boeing should stay in that role, and he is therefore free to stir up his customary hard-line mischief without the larger responsibility that goes with the Presidency.

By all accounts, Jackson is up to his old tricks. His staff has been so busy "leaking" distorted versions of the

IN THIS ISSUE

November 19, 1977

EDITORIALS

514

ARTICLES

518 The Trouble with Chavez: A Union Is Not a "Movement" — *Michael Yates*

520 Under the Lid of West Germany: A Cauldron of Paradoxes — *Norman Birnbaum*

524 Germany's Terrorist Lexicon — *Irene Dische*

526 Out in the Open Gay Rights: the Coming Struggle — *Ken Ross*

530 Locked Up with Fear: Stateville, Illinois Bastille — *Jay L. Kaplan*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

533 Yes, But What Was His Holiness Wearing? — *Gerald Weales*

534 Return to La Plata, Missouri (poem) — *Jim Barnes*

535 A Breath of Satire in Chile — *Frank MacShane*

535 Gifts (poem) — *Ricardo Sternberg*

536 Morrison: Song of Solomon — *Earl Frederick*

537 Bergman: Four Stories — *Harriet Kriegel*

538 Daughen and Binzen: The Cop Who Would Be King — *Stephen D. Solomon*

540 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

540 Dust Storm (poem) — *Terese Svoboda*

541 Music — *David Hamilton*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Assistant Editor
HARRY MAURER

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER; Promotion, MARTIN FLEER.

U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

Former Editors: EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN; OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD; FREDA KIRCHWEY; CAREY McWILLIAMS.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1977 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

THE NATION

Volume 225
No. 17

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current negotiations with the Russians on a new SALT treaty that Iowa's Senator Culver has taken the unusual step of directly challenging Jackson on the way he has handled information his subcommittee has received on the Geneva talks. Culver accuses the Jackson staff of "a torrent of leaks" which, he said, could sabotage the negotiations. He even proposes that the Senate take the SALT question out of the hands of the Jackson subcommittee and place it in those of a twenty-five-member SALT advisory committee, which Senator Mondale set up last year.

The Carter administration has been extraordinarily open with the Senate on the progress of the SALT talks. That sounds like a reasonable way to act, since the Senate must ratify a new strategic arms treaty, if we and the Russians ever get that far. But it is also risky, as the behavior of Jackson's men proves once again. The counters we put on the table at Geneva—to be withdrawn if they fail to produce reciprocal concessions by Moscow—can easily be misinterpreted as kowtowing to "our partners at the negotiations." That phrase comes from Leonid Brezhnev's speech of November 2 to the Supreme Soviet in which he abandoned a long-standing Soviet position against the ending of all nuclear tests (including those for peaceful purposes). Jackson would not be likely to use the word "partners" as applied to the Russians, even in negotiations, preferring some term like "adversaries."

SALT negotiations are horrendously complicated, both technically and diplomatically. Anything said at that table is subject to endless interpretation and misinterpretation and therefore liable to sly misconstruction by those who would slow or stop the process of accommodation on the weapons of mass destruction by the two great nuclear powers. It seems clear that Jackson and his eager subordinate hawks have taken full advantage of the opportunities to make mischief. It is astonishing to learn (from *The Washington Post* of November 8) that Jackson has kept such a tight rein on the briefings his group gets from the State Department and others that it was not until November 7 that Secretary of State Vance's own subordinates were allowed to read the transcripts of his closed-door testimony before the Jackson subcommittee. Jackson's staffers, the *Post* reports, have been busy selling the idea that Vance is "out of it" on the SALT talks, ill-prepared and unconvincing; the Senator has seen fit to deny what he allows his staff to put out. And the leaks on Geneva are also coming from *Aviation Week* and from Paul Nitze, the ex-Pentagonite who would be against any arms deal with the Russians unless he personally negotiated it.

Senator Culver is surely correct in making this matter public and in trying to limit Jackson's role in the preliminaries to a treaty. The larger question is whether the Carter administration is tactically sound in revealing to the Senate so much of the step-by-step at Geneva. It has always seemed to us that genuine progress toward arms limitation would be immensely popular with the people of this country and that, though complex in its details, any such treaty could readily be "sold" on its overall purpose. The alternative seems to be the nibbling process which arises from the constant briefing of Senators with a political stake in a permanent hard line.

The Meaning of a Crown

It's just as well that Hungary's Crown of St. Stephen was not being kept in the vaults of a Cleveland bank when President Carter announced that he would send it back to Budapest. This 1,000-year-old symbol of the Hungarian nation, which has been in our safekeeping since 1945, is a good deal safer from the patriotic ardors of the Hungarian-Americans concentrated in that Ohio city where it rests in the strongrooms of Fort Knox. Not that all Americans of Hungarian descent resist the President's decision about the crown, but there has been some agitation against returning it to a country ruled by "godless Communists."

It comes as something of a surprise to learn that we have been until now the custodians of this great national icon, given by Pope Sylvester II to Hungary's first King at his coronation in the year 1000. It was turned over by its guardians to American troops as the war in Europe ended, specifically to keep it out of the hands of the approaching Russians.

Ever since the Soviet Union imposed a Communist government on Hungary in 1947, its return has repeatedly been demanded by the authorities in Budapest and always Washington has said no. The stubborn resistance of its Roman Catholic Primate, Cardinal Mindszenty, to the Russian-backed rulers (even to the point of provoking his removal from office by a Vatican that wished to keep the Church functioning regardless of the regime in power), plus the shock of the Soviet suppression of the 1956 revolt in Hungary, made it unthinkable that Washington would send back the crown to its historic home.

And so, for thirty-two years, the United States kept this symbol of Hungarian nationhood, not knowing what else to do except to preserve it in a sort of vacuum, as politically sterile as the bars of gold beside which it was stored. But at last attitudes changed, if not the political realities. Hungary became the least repressive of the Soviet satellites. American relations with those countries became closer, if not exactly warmer. Détente with Moscow was in the air and then became fashionable. All sorts of things loosened between the two powers and their allies and dependents, even as both sides' soldiers mindlessly continued their buildup of terrifying weapons.

There was no longer a point to keeping a crown and symbol which might once have mobilized an anti-Communist crusade. The return of St. Stephen's crown symbolizes an end to that remotest of possibilities even in the minds of the government of the United States. For Hungarians, who have felt for centuries of strife that if the crown was safe, so was Hungary, it will seem safer in Budapest than it was in the vaults of Fort Knox.

The Halo Game

If all goes according to plan, the Commerce Department will soon be treating us to the corporate equivalent of the best-dressed lists—that is, a periodic tabulation of the most socially conscious companies in the country. The idea was broached last month by Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps. She says the Department intends to publish a social performance index, one that will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evaluate businesses in such areas as respect for the environment and the hiring of minorities and women. The goal, according to Ms. Kreps, will be "to enhance business leadership in corporate social performance."

On the face of it the notion is not entirely absurd. Secretary Kreps says the list will function both as carrot and stick, praising progressive companies and exposing miscreants. But certain details, as reported in *The New York Times*, invite skepticism. First of all, the concept is being developed in cooperation with the Business Roundtable. It is hard to imagine that group of corporation men embracing any program that would involve, say, quarterly press releases by the Commerce Department along the lines of, "Amalgamated Enterprises has worst environmental record in America!" Such releases might well be beneficial, but it is reasonable to suspect that the carrot and not the stick will be stressed, and that what Kreps and the Roundtable have in mind will read more like, "Consolidated General hires 50 percent more blacks!"

Our doubts are stimulated in large part by Kreps's remark that, in order to prevent "further oppressive regulation, the public and the legislatures must be persuaded that business can address the social consequences of their actions far better on their own than with the help of the government." In other words, an index published by an arm of the government will attempt to "persuade" the rest of us that Big Business, if left alone, will act in a socially responsible way. "Oppressive regulations" (read laws governing air-pollution standards, strip mining, work-place safety, consumer protection, affirmative action, etc.) are costly and unnecessary.

Were business executives angels, it might be cheering to read each installment of the proposed index. But anyone who lives in the real world can only be flabbergasted by Secretary Kreps's assumptions. The fact is that every social advance in memory has been made against bitter and sometimes violent resistance from corporate America. Social consciousness has been implanted in the business brain (to the extent that it is there at all) only by means of repeated political drubbings: lawsuits, demonstrations, lobbying campaigns. The stick is all that works. After all, businessmen already own the only carrot that matters to them: profit. What they could use is a shield against a disillusioned public—and that is evidently what Secretary Kreps hopes to fashion.

Pollsters–the Fifth Estate?

Should a President have his own public opinion pollster or should the social science establishment provide him with an apparatus of evaluation that would give him a more accurate fix than he can get from his own holder of a wet finger to the wind? Put another way, should the cocking of ears at the pinnacle of our politics be institutionalized?

Those questions are being raised by reputable academics, most recently by Profs. Seymour Martin Lipset and William Schneider in the November issue of *Encounter*. To give their conclusions, before dealing with their arguments, Lipset and Schneider declare that "The stakes of the democratic process are simply too great to allow one man or polling organization to be the *voice* of the American public to the President of the United States or others in authority."

They go so far as to suggest that perhaps there should be a White House office (staffed by academics, of course) which would evaluate all the polls, but which would not have the power "without special authorization" to make polls on its own. Alternatively, there would be one operated outside the White House by the "liberal" Brookings Institution and the "conservative" American Enterprise Institute in dialectical tandem; it would be financed by foundations "to reduce the possibility of ideological or political favoritism."

Lipset and Schneider are circumspect about Carter's personal omen-reader Pat Caddell, the young pollster who had a lot to say about the particular twists and turns the President chose to take on his way to the White House last year. They even respectfully look the other way when it comes to Caddell's private clients, which have included Saudi Arabia and the big oil companies, arousing some doubts about his counsel to Carter on Middle East issues. It is just that they seem to feel that polling, and the reading of its results, are of such importance in the making of policy that no one person should do it for the Chief Magistrate.

The question, it seems to us, is whether the academic institutionalization of polling will do the job of sterilizing the art of reading opinion (it is surely not a science, despite the pretensions of some of its adepts). Famously, the way the question is put, and who puts it when and how to whom, can radically alter the response. For instance, as cited by Lipset and Schneider, Gallup's five-choice questions in polls on the popularity of certain institutions have yielded responses sometimes two or three times more "positive" than the starker three-question inquiries of Louis Harris (John F. Kennedy's pollster). There were wide variations in responses to the polls on the war in Vietnam, depending on how the question was phrased and whether "negative" or "positive" symbols were scattered through the language of the questions.

In the days of the (institutionalized) Roman Augurs, with their elaborate canons for reading entrails to instruct the rulers of the Republic on the will of the gods, the findings remarkably resembled the wills of the dominant politicians and their factions. Can it be doubted that this will always tend to be so, no matter how scientific the trappings of analysis, even when the judgment sought has been brought down from the heavens to the forum? The Augurs' fancy rituals eventually became a dispensable bore for the rulers of Rome, though they kept the thing around for a long while to glamorize for the mob their own decisions. It seems probable that the solemn and fancy apparatus of opinion analysis proposed by Lipset-Schneider would become a crushing bore to Carter or any other President who would find himself forced to read the long-winded objective jargon of his formalized pollsters.

He might therefore reject the whole idea of the measurability of public opinion and instead trust his own experience, observations and instincts. Then he might seem, even to himself, a leader.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A UNION IS NOT A 'MOVEMENT'

MICHAEL YATES

On a Saturday afternoon last March, fifty or so United Farm Workers volunteers, myself among them, stood in circles around Cesar Chavez in the garden at La Paz, the Farm Workers headquarters in Keene, Calif. We had been at work that morning preparing the ground for planting, digging up rocks, spreading manure, listening to Cesar's advice on using a shovel, driving a tractor, planting by the moon. Now, after lunch, he was telling us about the long struggle against the Teamsters union, how low he had felt when the union had lost its contracts, how the workers had vowed to fight back, how he had promised a group of women in Coachella that, if the UFW won back its contracts, he would make a pilgrimage to a shrine in Mexico. As he spoke, his voice cracked and he began to cry. I looked around; his daughter was crying and so were many others. I began to cry myself. As the meeting concluded, we all cheered and clapped; we returned to our work uplifted and renewed. That evening, driving into Bakersfield, I vowed to work even harder to help the union.

Within a month of that meeting in the garden, I had left the union. Virtually all of my friends had been fired by Chavez or had quit; the union's central staff had been reduced by more than a third. I was disappointed, even disillusioned. What follows here is an analysis of what I believe are serious problems now confronting the UFW.

In *The New York Times Magazine* of September 15, 1974, Winthrop Griffith wondered if the UFW could survive the Teamster invasion of its territory. Through "sweetheart" deals with growers, the Teamsters had stolen most of the 200 or so contracts won by the UFW in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Along with the contracts had gone members and dues and the UFW, always strapped, now appeared too poor and too demoralized to confront the powerful Teamsters.

The doomsayers, however, underestimated the tenacity and skill of Cesar Chavez and his small but fanatically zealous staff, as well as the fierce allegiance of the workers to Chavez and the UFW. Knowing that, given the chance, farm workers would vote for his union, Chavez set about giving them that chance through what developed in time into a tripartite strategy. First, offices were established in every major city to promote a boycott of all crops, but especially grapes and lettuce, grown with non-union or Teamster labor. Second, the union stepped up its agitation for a state law in California that would guarantee to farm workers election and bargaining rights similar to those granted most other workers by the NLRA. Third, a direct counterattack was staged against the Teamsters. Several multimillion-dollar legal suits were filed against them and various employers, and effective anti-Teamster propaganda was produced and disseminated

Cesar Chavez

—most notably the film, *Fighting for Our Lives.*

Chavez's strategy gradually began to bring results: the boycott cut into the profits of grape and lettuce growers; the sympathetic Brown administration helped to lobby a remarkably liberal labor law through the California legislature; the battle with the Teamsters produced nationwide support for the UFW and a black eye for the already tarnished Teamsters. After the enactment of the new law, the UFW began winning representation elections throughout the state, losing only when Teamster-grower collusion and intimidation prevented it from getting its message to the workers. Frightened, the growers and their Teamster allies got the state legislature to refuse to vote a supplemental appropriation for the Agricultural Labor Relations Board (ALRB), the agency charged with enforcing the law. Chavez countered this move with a public initiative (Proposition 14) that would incorporate the labor law into the state Constitution, thereby insuring yearly appropriations for the ALRB. The initiative failed, but it forced the growers to defend the existing law, making it unlikely that they will be able to amend it or prohibit adequate funding for the ALRB, at least for the next few years. Meanwhile, the UFW continued to win elections and to press its lawsuits, finally compelling the Teamsters last March to agree to abandon agricultural organizing throughout the West and to relinquish most of its existing contracts when they expire.

These events make the UFW's future prospects brighter than ever before. There is no doubt that it will attract thousands of new members, that thousands of *campesinos* will get their first union contracts, and that large sums

Michael Yates teaches economics at the University of Pittsburgh's campus at Johnstown, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of money will flow into the UFW treasury, providing support for further organizing in California and other states. Increased UFW strength and power might in turn help to liberalize and invigorate the entire labor movement as other workers are moved by its example.

All of this sounds encouraging, but after spending a few months working at La Paz, I am not particularly optimistic. Chavez has performed a miracle, but the union is still beset by a host of serious problems. I think many of them stem from the personality and leadership of Chavez.

The prospect of a powerful Farm Workers Union frightens growers, who have always depended for their profits on low wages and the exploitation of racial minorities, and it is now unlikely that they can prevent elections from being held or the UFW from winning them. However, neither elections nor UFW victories will render employers helpless; they still have available many tactics to combat and harass a union, even if it does legally represent workers. They can refuse to bargain seriously, offering contract proposals that no union could accept. They can refuse to negotiate items that might in any way restrict their "managerial prerogatives." Should they eventually sign a contract, they can interpret it narrowly, or simply not abide by it at all. Finally, these short-term strategies can be complemented by a longer-range program of increased mechanization to undermine the very basis of the union's existence, its membership.

These practices are in fact being employed. In many instances, growers have successfully stalled negotiations more than a year, and violations of contracts are common. A quick run through the agricultural journals will convince a reader of the rapid pace of mechanization.

To contest any such actions by the employers, the union must obviously preserve its militance; it must have workers ready to picket and to strike. But, now that labor relations in California agriculture are legally regulated, it is not always possible to enforce a contract with what would be illegal job action. In addition, since the work force consists in large part of migrant workers performing seasonal work, there are often no workers to picket and strike. Therefore, to buttress the organized collective force of farm workers, it is necessary that the union establish and maintain a skilled administrative staff. Contract negotiations, for example, require staff persons with many kinds of expertise: the ability to do economic research, to keep adequate records, to stay abreast of developments in other areas, to train workers to participate in negotiations, to take good notes of meetings, to write well. Similar skills are needed for contract administration and enforcement. A union today must have accountants, experts in management, lawyers, personnel officers, researchers. Inevitably, once a union is securely established, many of its important activities take place in courtrooms, in meeting rooms, at desks, in offices.

The UFW is not well administered. During my stay I observed that research projects were generally superficial and haphazard. Records were either not kept or strewn about, stuffed in boxes, stored at random in basements and cubbyholes. Negotiators often took no notes of their meetings, or took notes so poor as to be useless. Repeatedly, negotiators in one part of the state were unaware of agreements reached elsewhere; generally speaking, communications throughout the union were woefully slipshod. More seriously, the union seldom allowed one negotiator to see a contract through from start to finish, thus delaying negotiations for days and months. Also, with few exceptions, negotiators could not make binding agreements on even routine matters without personal approval by President Chavez. The contracts themselves were often poorly worded or badly translated; translators received no training in the rudiments of contract analysis and frequently did not know what their translations meant. I remember talking with a co-worker in charge of translations who had not realized in a whole year of work that many of the articles in a majority of the contracts had exactly the same wording.

To compound these difficulties, chronic turnover plagues the administrative staff; two years with the union qualifies one as a veteran. This means that few people remain with the union long enough to master their jobs, to become experts. It was always sad when a skilled volunteer left, to be replaced by a greenhorn who would make the mistakes inevitable for newcomers.

Observers of the union have offered various explanations for the UFW's administrative deficiencies. The UFW is young, and has been forced to expend its limited resources against formidable odds just to organize farm workers. Administration presents new problems and requires new capabilities which take time to understand and to acquire. The high turnover might be attributed to the fatiguing work schedules, low pay and Spartan living conditions that have been the lot of UFW volunteers. But as organizing becomes easier and the union's treasury grows, working conditions for staff will improve and turnover will decline. There is talk within the union of paying volunteers a regular salary; at present, only union doctors and attorneys receive salaries.

Such explanations skirt the main point. The primary reasons for administrative chaos within the UFW are to be found in the personality and the social philosophy of Cesar Chavez. He is magnetic, autocratic and at bottom more concerned to build a social and political movement than a trade union.

Chavez's dynamic and imaginative leadership has given him nearly absolute control of the union. The UFW constitution allows considerable rank-and-file participation in union affairs, but in fact Chavez's word is law. Authority is seldom delegated; members of the executive committee are not free to act without his permission. In addition, he has complete control over the volunteers, who comprise the bulk of the union's organizing, administrative and boycott personnel. These people, especially the ones at La Paz, are Chavez's personal retinue. They perform invaluable work for the union, but they also owe allegiance to Chavez. He selected them; he can dismiss them at will and frequently does. Those who criticize him are perceived as threats to himself and to the union (indeed, in his mind there is little separation between the two). In the past year there have been at least two mass firings: one just following the Proposition 14 campaign, and another during the first weeks of April 1977. Dedicated, hard-working men and women, essential to the smooth functioning of the union, were accused, on little or no evidence, of being radicals, spies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the employers, troublemakers, complainers. They were told to leave the union, or were pressured into quitting. One man, a talented plumber and a friend of mine, was physically removed from a meeting at La Paz because he had demanded that the union support its charges that he was a company spy. He was turned over to police in Mojave, Calif., charged with trespassing.

Much of the poor administration of the union stems from the climate of unrest that these periodic dismissals create. And they in turn are the direct result of Chavez's need to have absolute control over the union and the unquestioning loyalty of its members. Since personal loyalty is ultimately more important than ability and independent judgment, it is not uncommon for those of slight talent or maturity to rise to prominent positions in Chavez's "inner circle." Many persons close to Chavez at La Paz are relatives of his or other UFW leaders.

This is not to say that Cesar Chavez is simply a Latin *"caudillo"*; he is also a social visionary. That is another reason for Chavez's purges, his distrust of "experts," his seeming unwillingness to let the union's administration operate normally. Chavez does not want the UFW to become just another trade union, dominated by bureaucrats. The UFW must be a social movement, encompassing wider goals than bargaining collectively for higher wages and better working conditions. Chavez realizes that mechanization is going to decimate the ranks of his farm workers. What will become of them when no trade union can represent them? There must be a social movement to embrace them and through which they can struggle for fundamental social change. Chavez is vague about the platform of his movement, but he seems to favor some type of cooperative farming (he has extensive knowledge of cooperative movements throughout the world), workers' control and a communal life style. However, he is certain about the people who will make up the movement: they will be single-minded, totally committed, willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the whole. Chavez believes that a movement must always be in a state of tension; persons in it must feel that they are under siege, at war with the larger society. Those who lack these qualities will be ruthlessly weeded out, recurrent purges serving as "purifying rituals" by which the movement reconstitutes itself and reaffirms its basic principles.

Unfortunately, conducting the affairs of a trade union as if it were a social movement risks making the union dysfunctional. An argument can be made that the United States much more desperately needs a social movement than it does another trade union, though a better case can be made that both are necessary prerequisites for social change. In any case, it must be understood that unions and movements are not the same; they must coexist and cooperate, but they also must have considerable autonomy. By their nature, unions have to be more narrowly defined than movements; they serve basically as defensive agents in the fight against employers. Movements, on the other hand, must be more broadly based, offensive organizations, trying to forge a new society. It would seem impossible for either to function effectively if both are controlled by the same person, and neither will last very long if founded upon personal rule of a charismatic leader. The UFW suffers as a trade union not only because it is run by an autocrat but because it is being forced to be what it cannot possibly be.

Perhaps, then, it would be better for Cesar Chavez to relinquish control of the union and concentrate his energy upon building a social movement. Yet Chavez's movement philosophy may not appeal very widely in the United States. It is, as I have indicated above, essentially authoritarian. Time and again, during community meetings at La Paz, Chavez expressed admiration for totalitarian groups, especially religious communities like the Trappists. Recently, he has been much enamored of Synanon, a California-based community founded to cure drug addicts, and extremely authoritarian.

I am pessimistic about the future of the UFW and the movement for which it has been the vehicle to date. I fear that at present neither could survive without Chavez; they are too much dominated by his overwhelming personality, much as the United Mine Workers once was dominated by John L. Lewis. And I doubt that mass support can be won for any organization or movement in the United States that is not founded upon participatory democracy and a depersonalized power structure. Needless to say, Cesar Chavez has proven his critics wrong before. I am not eager to be proven right. □

UNDER THE LID OF WEST GERMANY

A CAULDRON OF PARADOXES

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

A social democratic state and savage leftist terrorism, ardent cosmopolitanism and rancorous provincialism, anti-technocratic protest and authoritarian ideology, these are some of the contradictions troubling the Federal Republic of Germany. A limitless popular fear of subversion and an obsessive persecution of radicals coexist with advanced social thought and committed liberalism. The Christian Democrats seek to discard a market ideology, while calling for "freedom instead of socialism." Capitalists refuse worker codetermination in German industry, and negotiate gigantic deals in Soviet Europe. Restive unionists contend with Left Socialists in the Social Democratic Party, but join them in criticizing Helmut Schmidt's firm conviction that most problems will respond to good management. A mass press which has yet to rise to the level of the gutter defames Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass, who in turn defend their country

Norman Birnbaum is chairman of the Department of Anthropology-Sociology at Amherst College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against French charges that it has begun a quick march to fascism. The Free Democrats and Social Democrats in the governing coalition are perpetually at odds, but their quarrels are as nothing compared to the insults exchanged by the pallid Dr. Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats and the ranting Franz-Josef Strauss's Christian Social Union.

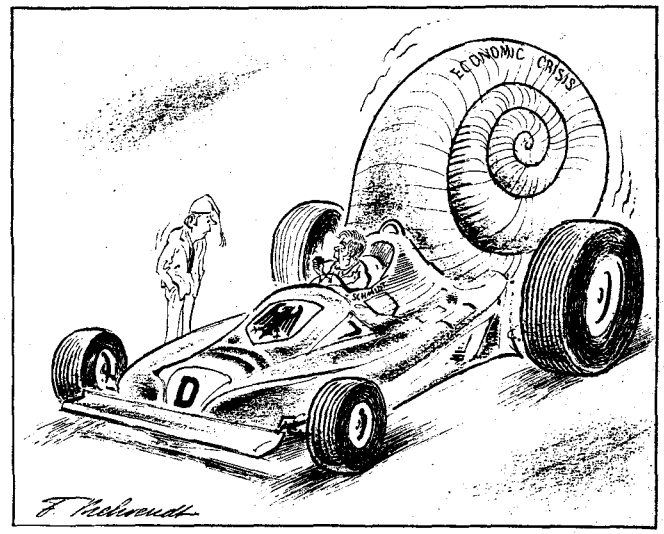
Beneath the orderly surface of German society, then, a cauldron is seething. Recently, moreover, even the appearance of order has given way. The epoch of Social Democratic hegemony, opened when Willy Brandt became Federal Chancellor in 1969, is over. Some of the present chaos results from the lack of a coherent alternative. When an alternative does present itself, it will have to deal with ideas and movements not quite yet at the center of the stage.

Meanwhile, the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats have a narrow majority in the Bundestag over the Christian Democratic Union and the Christian Social Union. The Social Democrats (with 42.5 percent of the vote) have 213 deputies; the Free Democrats (with nearly 8 percent of the vote) have thirty-nine deputies —a total of 252. The opposition (with 48.5 percent of the vote) has 246 deputies. Matters are reversed in the upper house (Bundesrat); the Christian Democrats rule in six states, the Social Democrats in five. However, in Lower Saxony the Free Democrats govern with the Christian Democrats and can prevent that state from blocking the government in the Bundesrat. What worries the Social Democrats is that Schmidt, however much he is admired in Washington, is losing his grip in Bonn. True, inflation has been contained at between 4 and 5 percent, but unemployment is around a million. Industrial output is only 3 percent higher than it was in 1970, and in recent months it has fallen drastically. What concerns the Social Democrats even more is that they have suffered electoral reverses in some of their strongholds, losing the mayoralty in Frankfurt for the first time. Their standing in the national polls is low. The Free Democrats, however, are not likely soon to bolt for the other side of the Bundestag, to constitute a new majority with the Christian Democrats and the Christian Social Parties. In fact, if there is a shift it just might be a coalition between the Christian parties and the Social Democrats. For the moment, however, that too appears to be unlikely.

The Free Democrats are repelled by the authoritarianism of the opposition, and see in the Social Democrats fellow heirs to the German tradition of parliamentary democracy. Years of alliance with the Social Democrats have altered some of the Free Democrats' social ideas. Much of the party is still close to business, but an influential minority thinks first about consumers and workers. German business, until now, has made the best of a bargain our own capitalists would hardly consider. In return for union discipline, they have accepted state economic planning and large amounts of redistribution and social expenditure.

The Christian parties are, of course, favored by business—but they are not predominantly proponents of corporate enterprise. German politics has traditionally been a kaleidoscope of class conflict and ideological (and sectarian) antagonism. The Social Democrats traced their principles back to the French Revolution, the liberals looked desperately to the Anglo-Saxon world, and the imperial and national Right got everyone else—at times, large majorities. Catholic unionists have voted Christian Democratic, but most of the opposition's voters are farmers, small businessmen or employees. Their anti-union sentiments do not displease the German capitalists but the Christian parties mostly talk about family, nation and order.

Christian Democratic politicians have combined these values with a managerial ideology, but the Christian Social Union and its allies outside Bavaria hardly bother. No excess of chauvinism, demagoguery and *ressentiment* is too much for them. Strauss, perfectly in character, has just called for the lynching of terrorists and their sympathizers (whom he defines as anyone who does not wish to lynch them). The intellectuals and the more urbane



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

"Of Course, It's Full Speed Ahead!"

Germans—especially in the north—see in Strauss a figure who incarnates the worst of their country's political tradition. Millions of Protestants may be skeptical about socialism, but they dislike the values of the Christian Social Union even more. A very talented man, Strauss is the German Right's largest asset and its greatest liability. The mere possibility of his becoming Chancellor seems to keep the present ruling coalition together and on top. At the same time, the Catholic workers in the Ruhr have turned to the Social Democrats on class grounds. The Christian Democratic Union has recently held a conference at which it groped toward a new social doctrine, to the accompaniment of dissonant tones from Strauss. He is much more honest than most leaders of the Right. If enough people can be frightened sufficiently, he explained one day, we can't lose.

The opposition, in any event, has stood by while the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats, business and the unions, have argued about the economic crisis. The Social Democrats have led Germany to a standard of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living higher than our own. Their sort of planning now seems incapable of generating investment, and government social expenditures mount as tax revenues diminish. The government's expansionary zeal has been inhibited by the Germans' vivid memory of inflation fifty years ago. Last September it finally decreed tax cuts that disappointed everyone. Industry is not getting the investment incentives it requested, and the social investment demanded by the unions and the Social Democratic Left is conspicuously missing. Schmidt has been severely criticized by his own supporters; some Social Democrats and some unionists have, to widespread astonishment, turned out to be Socialists after all. Indeed, in June a handful of Social Democrats nearly brought down the government when they refused to vote for a tax law they thought inequitable. The new Free Democratic Economics Minister, Count Lambsdorff, is a pronounced ally of business. The potential for economic conflict from the opposition within the ruling coalition is, therefore, still large.

The German unions, with half the labor force organized, are powers in the land—especially with the Social Democrats in office. The unions two years ago reluctantly accepted a compromise in their demand for codetermination in industry. Worker delegates obtained seats on the boards of large firms, but so did representatives of the managerial employees—who usually vote with management. The unions wanted one set of representatives for all employees, but the Free Democrats threatened to block any such legislation. The employers have now gone to court to contest the constitutionality of the compromise bill. The unions consider this a breach of the social peace, and have withdrawn from labor-management consultation on the economy. The employers may contribute to the radicalization of unions that were once solidly integrated in welfare capitalism. Meanwhile, there is a lot of member protest against the unions' bureaucratic practices. Like the Social Democrats, the German unions have refrained from pursuing Socialist objectives which Germany's prosperity and successful social reforms seemed to render unnecessary. Should the unions now make common cause with the Social Democratic Left, the world may yet recall that their party was founded by Marx and Engels.

For the moment, however, the Social Democrats (and Germany's political elite, generally) are troubled by the fact that more citizens are active in single issue movements (called "Citizens' Initiatives") than in the parties. Germany's state tradition descends uninterruptedly from the Baroque Prussian Court to the new ministerial skyscrapers along the Rhine in Bonn. The demand for grassroots democracy (rather than conscientious local government) is no doubt part of a general protest in the industrial democracies against centralized power. The Social Democrats, in particular, have been shocked by their loss of contact with citizens who ordinarily would support them. The Citizens' Initiatives are important for reasons other than stimulating Social Democratic self-criticism. For one thing, they have been particularly active against nuclear power plant construction. Several recent decisions by the courts, along with doubt and hesitation in the Cabinet, threaten the government's plans for large-scale nuclear power development. Neither the judicial action nor the political response would have been thinkable without the protest movement which mobilized thousands at construction sites. The movement may be a subconscious protest against the presence on German soil of thousands of nuclear warheads. If so, it is still well sublimated—but it is uncertain that the government can proceed with its large plans for the development of fast breeder reactors.

The Citizens' Initiatives have reactivated the thousands who some years ago were engaged in the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition. The groups are also amalgams of stolid local citizens, leaders who seem to have translated the "Sayings of Governor Brown" into German, and (sometimes) adherents of Germany's small but loud ultra Left. The movement may be a step forward toward the democratization of German politics, but it has provoked the anxieties of those for whom any kind of protest threatens the social order. Quite unintentionally, it strengthens an authoritarian Right that is only too ready to end political argument with tear gas—at the least.

Beneath the new surface of German life, millions of Germans suffer old fears—fears of inflation and unemployment, fears of the breakdown of social order, of encroachment by Communists and subversives. Has too much history been experienced too quickly by too many? Germany's social progress, its cultural achievements, its integration in Western Europe, have not convinced millions of citizens that their society is durable. The half-intellectual sects think Marcuse insufficiently revolutionary and Willy Brandt an ignoble ally of capitalism. A substantial segment of the public is ready to censor ideas and jail their proponents.

The collapse of the Third Reich in 1945 did not cause a democratic revolution in Germany. Each half of the nation was incorporated in the contending world political blocs. For most older Germans, the Federal Republic offered prosperity and stability. That it was a parliamentary democracy was less important to them than that it was not a Communist state—or even, for two decades, a Social Democratic one. The German Democratic Republic's higher synthesis of Prussian discipline and Stalinist repression contributed enormously to their profound fear of social experimentation. The real milestone in the democratization of the Federal Republic was Willy Brandt's accession to the chancellorship in 1969. The student revolt of the last decade gave Germany its first predominantly democratic intellectual generation since 1848. That generation has since begun what one of its leaders, Rudi Dutschke (himself once a Protestant dissenter in Communist Germany) has termed "the long march through the institutions of society." The march is now taking them over very rough terrain.

A McCarthyite wave of political investigation and persecution in the Federal Republic, institutionalized in the decrees barring "radicals" from public service in most of the Federal states, has had effects quite like those we remember from our own inglorious 1950s. One of the more conservative Social Democrats, distressed by the systematic corruption of German public life which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the decrees entail, has asked how Europe can be united if it is easier for a Communist to become President of the Chamber of Deputies in Italy than a locomotive driver in Germany. There are grotesque aspects to the situation. When Wolf Biermann (who combines the thought of Hegel with the talents of Bob Dylan) was expelled from East Germany, a storm of protest erupted within and without the Democratic Republic. West Germany's Christian Democrats also protested—because Biermann had been allowed to sing on West German television. It would be easy if we could dismiss the problem with Schiller's celebrated line to the effect that even the gods struggle vainly against stupidity. There is, however, method to the madness of the German Right. What better way to forestall and neutralize the possibility of a Social Democratic turn to socialism than to mobilize every inchoate and irrational public fear? Unfortunately the German Right can point to something all too real.

To the tinderbox of public anxiety, the country's pseudo-revolutionary terrorists have applied their torches. The government estimates that there may be some 600 potential terrorists in the nation, some 1,200 persons disposed to aid them, some few thousands of sympathizers. If so, at the moment a relative handful of terrorists appear to have a nation of 50 million almost at bay. Since the release of the hostages taken by their Arab allies, the suicide (or murder) of the imprisoned terrorists near Stuttgart, the murder of the kidnapped Schleyer, the country has regressed to exorcism. The search for terrorists resembles a mass ritual. In reality, of course, the omnipresence of the police and the inane behavior of a segment of the public (thousands of suspected "terrorists" have been dutifully reported to the authorities) make precise and rational detection impossible. The terrorists can already claim a signal triumph: the level of public discussion has, generally, sunk to abysmal depths. A large concern with the maintenance of constitutional liberties is conspicuous, for the moment, by its absence. The Christian Democratic Party has surpassed itself by publishing a document in which the notion of "sympathizer" has been extended to cover anyone and everyone who thinks critically about society. The Social Democrats are not spared. Figures like Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll are execrated in ways which combine some of the analyses of the "adversary culture" to which we have recently been treated and the thought of *Der Stürmer*. The Christian Democrats have announced an international symposium on the causes of terrorism. It will be interesting to see which Americans lend themselves to the spectacle.

The government has already rushed through Parliament a series of laws of dubious constitutionality restricting the legal rights of imprisoned terrorists. The Christian Democrats and Christian Social Union have proposed banning some of the Marxist sects—although these have vociferously denounced terrorism, as have the West German Communists. Meanwhile, in a campaign which evokes repulsive historical memories, the police have been raiding bookstores.

It would be wrong to depict matters as unalterably grim. Liberals and radicals have made common cause against reaction. Some weeks ago, the liberal weekly *Die Zeit* published a condemnation of terrorism by Heinrich Böll, Rudi Dutschke and Herbert Marcuse. It did so with an apology for lending space to those whom it described as opponents of the German social order. With liberal friends like this, the radicals had a right to think themselves beleaguered. *Die Zeit*, now, considers that the great danger comes from the Right. It has broken journalistic etiquette sufficiently to denounce the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (a mediocre and provincial paper) for calling for torture of suspected terrorists. Its criticism of the opposition parties is relentless.

Credit, then, where credit is due. Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt, and the Free Democrats, have warned that anti-terrorist measures which could compromise German democracy would be self-defeating. Schmidt insisted that the opposition share responsibility for the government's decisions during the kidnapping and the hijacking. His own prestige is now rather high. If the imprisoned terrorists indeed killed themselves, the responsibility falls upon a Christian Democratic provincial government led by a man of the hard Right, Filbinger. Schmidt did not miss the chance to point out that the Christian Democrats were rather better at talking about terrorism than at prison administration. Strauss has now publicized a taped communication to the government by the kidnapped industrialist Schleyer, in which he denounced its inability to combat terrorism. Strauss has shown once again that he can hardly be considered a reliable coalition partner.

The terrorists and the Right share a common objective: to detach the working class from the nation's democratic intellectuals. The terrorists think they can evoke sympathy from the intellectuals while waiting for the "inevitable" upsurge of radicalism amongst the workers. The Right, much more realistic, thinks that the workers value public order no less than anyone else—and that in the end they can be persuaded to desert a Social Democratic Party depicted as soft on dangerous ideas. It is encouraging that some of the unions have protested against recent police excesses: the Right will have no easy time of it.

Germany's relations with Western Europe complicate the situation. Strauss has warned the nation that it may soon be encircled—by the Soviet bloc to the east, by Latin nations ruled by Popular Front governments to the west and south. He dares not, to be sure, stress that the Italian Communists are at present collaborating with Italy's own Christian Democrats. The French Socialists' ill-starred alliance with the Communists has also provided a convenient club with which to beat the Social Democrats. No one can have regretted Mitterrand's conflict with Marchais more than Kohl and Strauss.

The German Right has a number of solutions to these threats. An especially inspired one echoes that of our own Coalition for a Democratic Majority: a military and political alliance with the Chinese People's Republic, whose recent treatment of cultural revolutionaries was thought exemplary by those who consider Germany's university reforms a threat to human culture. A second is an international alliance with the forces of order, made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhat difficult by the embarrassment of other European conservatives at endorsement of the idea from Munich. A third, of course, is an American-German condominium in Europe. The present American administration has not been enthusiastic about this, and protocol does require that it deal with governments in office—in the event, with the Social Democrats.

European, and particularly French, criticism of the German persecution of "radicals" has irritated the Germans—for good reason, since some of the French have allowed their imagination to run away with them. Germans like Günter Grass can be believed when they say that the dangers facing Germany are not those of an imminent revival of fascism. History does not repeat itself. The threat to German society comes not from new Hitlers but from mediocre politicians frightened of their own frenetic Right and too intellectually impoverished to suggest a new politics. The present strains will pass. The Europeanization of the Federal Republic is irreversible for the foreseeable future, and the manifold ties which link the West Europeans are too strong and too indispensable to be broken.

The Social Democrats campaigned in the last Federal elections on the theme, "the German model." There is a model, and its components are economic and social planning, union participation in the process, the extension of welfare institutions and of public services generally, codetermination in industry, the beginnings of a democratization of other institutions. In European perspective, the Federal Republic is paradoxical. It is socially advanced and ideologically retrograde. (Income inequality is far more pronounced, for instance, in France —and codetermination in British industry is still a matter, not for legislation but for debate by august public committees.) The difficulty is that a particular set of reforms, inextricably connected with one sort of economic growth, has now run its course.

The Social Democrats cannot be taxed with the failures of contemporary capitalism, but they will now have to develop responses to it that go beyond a self-congratulatory managerialism. The new pugnacity of the unions, the impulses flowing into the Citizens' Initiatives, the identification of many German intellectuals with both socialism and the nation (a belated end to Heine's exile in Paris), are potential elements in a new version of social democracy. It may well take a new generation of Social Democrats to develop it. Little can be expected from the German Right. There are intelligent conservatives like Kurt Biedenkopf, but nonentities like Kohl and spiritual terrorists like Strauss continue to make the running. The Free Democrats' principal aim at times has been to stay alive, but perhaps some of their younger leaders will change that.

Accounts, then, of Germany's imminent collapse into total reaction are absurd. The Federal Republic has a number of problems it shares with the other industrial democracies, and a number specific to its own history and geopolitical position. (The opposition to the neutron bomb began, it will be recalled, in the Social Democratic weekly *Vorwärts*.) Our own policy makers cling to a foreshortened view of Germany, as the political equivalent of an especially industrious beehive. No German entertains such simplifications. Although history does not repeat itself, it has some lessons for us. One of them is that if there are major changes in Germany, the entire balance of forces in Europe will be affected. Another is that no society is permanently cast in one political mold. Germany and, in particular, German Social Democracy, may in the end construct another interesting model of a better society. □

GERMANY'S TERRORIST LEXICON

IRENE DISCHE

The Baader-Meinhof crisis has left scars on the German language. The strain of "terror," affecting people's morale as well as the state's democracy, shows in ugly new legalisms, like *Kontaktsperre* (see below) as well as in changes of traditional slogans. Subcutaneous meaning may be extensive. The Schleyer kidnapping alone added a half dozen new words in its first two weeks. Translators in Bonn worked hard to be creative, but one English word could not convey the implication that each addition had for German law.

For the visitor, the connoisseur, the tragicomedian, here is an updated list of those most recently minted words and phrases, and their common contexts.

Der Terror: political violence. But this masculine noun means much more than the relatively small sum of destruction wrought by extremists. An Anglicism accepted into German without the usual resistance to foreign words, *Terror* haunts the tidy burgher of this tidy country, representing as clearly as rising unemployment the fragility of postwar prosperity. Until this fall it was often clucked that the state had too few legal weapons against the *Terroristen* threat; then it made some. Terror may prove to be a German tragedy, like the Treaty of Versailles: an excuse for the state's bad behavior.

One must not laugh when an old lady announces that the terrorists held up one of her friends last week, jumping from behind a park wall at her and brandishing umbrellas.

Baader-Meinhof Bande, B.-M. Gruppe: *"Bande"* (gang) is appropriate usage; *"Gruppe"* (group) is a *"das-tut-man-nicht!"* (A no-no.) Minister President Bernard Vogel suggested in Parliament a few weeks ago that anyone using *Gruppe* may be assumed sympathetic to terrorists; today most people make sure to say *Bande*. Heard in student quarters: Baader-Meinhof "circle." Dutch-German

Irene Dische is a free-lance writer who was recently in Germany researching a novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relations were strained when the Dutch press began referring to "*B.-M.* revolutionaries." After Knut Folkerts killed a Dutch policeman the press relabeled them "*B.-M.* criminals."

Sympathisant: anyone who supports, or agrees with, the views of the terrorists. At various times the government estimates their number at from 1,000 to 150,000, and warns that the terrorists survive because of this bystander support. Those who sympathize may be fired from their jobs or otherwise harassed. Heinrich Böll, Germany's Nobel Laureate in Literature, was called "one of the most dangerous sympathizers" by a CDU Senator after he charged in a radio interview that the state was resorting to neo-Nazi tactics. The interview was subsequently banned from the air, and various conservative politicians have suggested that anyone reading his novels might be a *Sympathisant*.

Claus Peymann, director of the Stuttgart City Theatre, has also been labeled a *Sympathisant*. When he contributed 100 marks ($50) to a fund for the care of imprisoned terrorists' teeth, the Stuttgart police boycotted his theatre, and local politicians called for his resignation. Letters to a newspaper ran strongly in favor of firing him, and/or punishing him. His supporters argued that he contributed to the fund because he had sympathy, in the old sense, for people with bad teeth. But those who feel sympathy for Herbert Kappler, convicted killer of 350 Italians and lately a cancer patient, are not *Sympathisanten*.

Sympathisanten apparently come in three shades, as cited in the conservative *Welt*. Roughly paraphrased—light black: those who passively share the terrorists' political views; medium black: armchair believers in violence as political action; pitch black: anyone who invites a terrorist over for dinner.

Jemand hinter die Stirne schauen: literally, looking behind someone's forehead. Heard in connection with suspected sympathizers: what the authorities regret they cannot do.

K-Gruppen: all radical splinter groups with K for *Kommunist* in their titles (they are diligent graffiti artists). Not to be confused with K for *Katholisch* (Catholic) and does not include the DKP, the official Communist Party. While hopelessly factionalized, the K groups have several things in common: most of their members (*K-Gruppen*) are young; they advocate the dictatorship of the proletariat; they find almost no support among the proletariat; their total electoral score has never risen above 0.01 percent. During the Schleyer kidnapping many groups tried to "distance" themselves from violence. Nevertheless, the Christian Democratic Party proposed outlawing all anti-constitutional parties. The ruling SPD opposed this idea on the ground that illegality would only make police surveillance more difficult.

It is polite to allude to *K-Gruppen* as breeding grounds for violence. If you say that banning them would be unconstitutional, expect to hear "no liberty for the enemies of liberty."

B.U.F. or *Bewegung Undogmatischer Frühling*: movement for an undogmatic spring. A typical group of left-wing university students. Their politics are what one political scientist calls "autistic" and they wouldn't begrudge him the definition. Such groups come in many different acronyms, the number of letters sometimes equaling the number of members.

Klammheimliche Freude: furtive joy. This became a catch phrase after a *B.U.F.* member used it in a student newspaper to express his satisfaction at Solicitor General Siegfried Buback's murder last spring. The newspaper was later suspended, action was threatened against various presses that reprinted the statement, and a great deal of free speech was spent on how much one should be allowed to say. The phrase has received wide circulation as a derogatory definition of what *Sympathisanten* feel when they hear of terrorist actions.

Recently a CDU Senator suggested that *Klammheimliche*, used as a collective noun, should replace *Sympathisanten*.

Gesprächsüberwachen: conversation surveillance. A clumsy word for a clumsy political weapon. Since last spring conversations between prisoners and their defense attorneys can be monitored. Lawyers of Baader-Meinhof terrorists had allegedly been conspiring with their clients to commit more crimes. Surveillance of their written communication had not been able to prove this. Nor did *Gesprächsüberwachen* contribute more than a long word.

Kontaktsperre: a law, passed during the Schleyer kidnapping, after only three days of debate. It provides that convicted, or even suspected, terrorists may be barred from seeing their lawyers for a period of thirty days. Applicable only during times of emergency, a new thirty-day *Kontaktsperre* may be invoked as soon as the previous one runs out.

Fünfte Kolone: fifth column. An old wartime phrase that now crops up in conversation as regularly as the cost of country houses in Italy, but now it means specifically spies from the East. The Federal Republic (West) is embroiled in what amounts to a cold civil war with the Democratic Republic (East) whose only active column of soldiers—and, one suspects, most active in the popular imagination—is the fifth. Still, every few years an East German spy is actually smoked out of a high place in the West. A prosecutor in Bonn privately estimates the fifth column to be 30,000 strong. "The infiltrators are the worst kind," he explained recently. "They come over here and work their way up till they can influence policy." No telling how the fifth column has coped with rising unemployment.

Dritter Krieg: third World War. Something to worry obsessively about, in polite conversation. What the earthquake is to Californians and the millennium to Judgment Day prophets, so the third World War is to Germans. Americans are advised to leave a conversation when the topic of war breaks out. Many Germans feel, no doubt with justification, that a war between Russia and the United States would proceed headlong over Germany's broken land, and they resent it. Play it safe: leave when you hear "*Neutronen-bombe*," or be ready to swear you voted for Ford.

Krieg, when pronounced with a sigh, makes a complete sentence.

Konspirative Wohnung: literally, a conspiratorial apartment. Any apartment rented by terrorists. It is acceptable to remark, "The workers those terrorists are trying to liberate could never afford such *nice* ones."

Krisenstab: a crisis staff, formed after the kidnapping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Hans-Martin Schleyer. There are two kinds. The *Grosser Krisenstab* includes Chancellor Helmut Schmidt; the *Kleiner Krisenstab* does not.

Verbot: Lenin once said it was impossible to start a revolution in a German city because it was *verboten* to walk on the grass. During these past years, which some Germans already refer to as the Baader-Meinhof time, unending compounds of *Verbot* have been coined. The most important:

Berufsverbot: job forbidden. In 1972 an SPD hounded by the Conservatives passed the decree (nicknamed *Berufsverbot*) whereby persons applying for civil service jobs, including teachers, bus drivers, government cooks, et al., had to prove their loyalty to the Constitution. If the members of a state committee did not believe them, they could not work. In Italy a Communist can become Prime Minister; in Germany he cannot be a tram conductor. To use *Berufsverbot* instead of the proper term, *Radikalenerlass*, is in itself grounds for suspicion.

Besuchsverbot: visiting forbidden. A prison rule, superseded by *Kontaktsperre* which prevented Baader-Meinhof prisoners or suspects from receiving any visitors. This ruling belied the government's insistence that the terrorists were not political prisoners, just ordinary criminals. □

OUT IN THE OPEN

Gay Rights: the Coming Struggle

KEN ROSS

Early in 1977 the press became aware of a struggle in Miami over the addition of "affectional or sexual preferences" to Dade County's anti-discrimination ordinance. The oddity in this event is not that most of the media failed to realize they might be recording the first explosion of the nation's next major struggle—that is always the case—but that the nation still can't figure out the nature of the alleged oppression.

The only comparison that comes to the minds of most is with the black struggle of the 1960s. Even the local gay spokesperson kept referring to Miami as "our Selma." But it didn't make sense. Black children wasting away in ghettos were obviously oppressed, but gays, by and large, seemed to be doing well enough financially, and their only ghettos looked like self-chosen regions of sexual recreation. The local opposition, "Save Our Children" (SOC) wasn't even talking about excluding gays from jobs which everyone knew they already had. What was all the brouhaha?

As Anita Bryant, SOC spokesperson, explained, "Well, if the person's in the closet, and they are not flaunting their homosexuality in front of my children, then there's no threat that I can see." That was the battle: to keep gays in the closet, to limit the First Amendment right to freedom of expression on the ground that it interfered with other rights.

What a peculiar oppression—a determination to prevent a minority from saying it existed, an attempt to retain the legal threat to isolate individuals who refused to keep their stigma invisible.

The more appropriate, if hyperbolic, analogy would seem to be with Soviet dissidents, who are also fighting a battle against invisibility. But Soviet dissidents are fighting to alter the entire Soviet system; most homosexuals seem to be seeking no more than the legal right to say, "Hi, I'm gay."

SOC forces realized that this right itself threatens the present form of American culture. Bryant: "If a teacher, especially a teacher, can legally say, 'I'm gay,' that presents an *alternative plan* (author's italics) which God says is not His plan for our lives." Substitute "America" for "God" and you have the secular counterpart. Whether homosexuality is viewed as a sin or a sickness, its open expression destroys the culturally maintained image of America as a straight society much in the way that blacks have forced the nation to give up the image of a white society.

Open gay expression is viewed as a psychological and cultural contaminant, with a capacity to spread by providing role models for children *and* adults. Nonsmokers are at present asserting their right to clean air space, neighborhoods near airports their right to quiet noise space. But can one seek a "space" free from psychological and cultural contamination? Is such a notion even legally definable?

Gays are claiming a similar psychological infringement: the perpetuation of negative stereotypes has instilled in many of them the negative self-image intended by a hostile environment. The psychological crippling consists of a regression to the primitive emotion that accompanies the breaking of a taboo—the experience of one's homosexuality as a profound defilement, a contamination that cannot be washed clean, only hidden. One New Yorker expressed this in a letter to his Miami aunt, with an eloquence reserved for anguish: "For want of anything else, and although this may shock you, I have settled for sex, gay sex, in dark and shabby places, the places in this society in which we homosexuals are allowed to be 'free'! In unsafe, dirty, unwanted places where no 'decent' person would go. This is where they let us be free."

Gays are attempting to transfer guilt for the "gay condition" from homosexuals to the overall society, somewhat as blacks and Indians have achieved. The first major act of the National Gay Task Force, after the defeat in Miami, was to announce a $1 million educational campaign, "We *Are* Your Children"—a title loaded with accusation.

Ken Ross is a free-lance writer who wrote a detailed account of the Miami struggle for Blueboy *magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Activists are pressing society to replace the psychoanalytic theory of homosexuality, which they view as a tool of repression, with their own theory that the real disease is homophobia, an illogical fear or hatred of homosexuals motivated by fear of one's own homosexual tendencies, by role insecurity or cultural conditioning. By that reasoning, neurosis among gays stems from society's homophobia, not from the individual's homosexuality. Society becomes the patient in need of therapy.

This campaign was probably advanced by the legislative setback which buried "the love that dare not speak its name." By discussing the issue in terms of conflicting public views, of opinion polls and votes, the press shattered the taboo against visibility, and homosexuality suddenly found for itself a place on the political map.

At the "victory" celebration after the defeat, Leonard Matlovich tried to give the infant movement a form, using the only model he knew. Swaying, hands clutched in a new solidarity, he led the chant *We Shall Overcome*. The news media quickly took up the image of gays as sexually liberated freedom fighters instead of limp-wristed fairies or queers in dark places. Fag jokes, which put the comedian in the posture of agitator and oppressor, now fall as flat as do the various categories of "ethnic" humor. Instead, homophobes have become the targets because their own characteristics, whether fundamentalist or rigid *macho*, are so alien to prevailing trends that they seem to satirize themselves. As Tom Shales of *The Washington Post* has noted, correctly predicting a rash of Anita Bryant jokes in the fall television season, "Carson and other comedians have turned her into a new symbolic stock comic figure. Anita Bryant has become the female Archie Bunker, a living caricature of abrasive bigotry."

For the first time gays are winning the information game, but they may be demanding permanent legal protection before society has been "educated" into accepting them. The scales may tip, as they did in Dade County, when the battle intensifies. Since the referendum, a cold war has erupted as both sides mobilize for the next major outbreak. The first wave of anti-gay laws is already materializing. The government's response has been to cut off discussion of the issue. Congress has passed a bill prohibiting the use of federal legal assistance funds in gay rights cases, while the Supreme Court has refused to consider the case of a teacher who was fired after his school board discovered he was gay. Florida has enacted a ban on gay marriages and adoptions. After the referendum, Massachusetts defeated passage of a bill, previously endorsed by both houses, to bar discrimination in public employment. In California, state Senator Briggs is running for Governor on an anti-gay platform which includes the proposal for a statewide vote to ban gays from the teaching profession.

Miami's "Save Our Children" incorporated as a national organization only to lose its name in a suit filed by the charity organization, "Save the Children." The name was then changed to Protect American Children (PAC). Mike Thompson, the SOC "communications director" who engineered the successful Miami advertising campaign, outlined SOC's plans in the August issue of *Conservative Digest*: "We are looking at two kinds of targets: sexual preference ordinances already on the books and those that are being considered. . . . First we must be invited into the community. . . . If called on we may provide seed money . . . the benefit of our expertise . . . and if the climate is right, Anita Bryant may come in to boost morale."

The *Advocate*, the nation's only mass-circulation gay newspaper, began documenting SOC's increasing ties with the Conservative Caucus (TCC), a new grass-roots umbrella for every right-wing phobia from the Equal Rights Amendment and abortion to busing, gun control and inadequate military spending. TCC is interested in exploiting the gay issue to alienate frightened voters from the liberal-democratic establishment and thus further its own goal of conservative domination of Congress by 1980. TCC's plans are only one aspect of the New Right's attempt to cultivate the backlash against recent changes of life style which traditionalists blame for the distintegration of the family. PAC now lists as its goals the fight against homosexuality, pornography and abortion, and the reinstitution of prayer in the public schools. Unlike the national directors of PAC, Thompson does not pretend to be nonpartisan. He speaks of a "new majority" in Dade, which will threaten an unresponsive Democratic Party, and advises the Republicans to present themselves as "the party of the family." Phyllis Schlafly, the "Anita Bryant" of ERA, portrays ERA activists as "radical, pro-lesbian, anti-family people. . . ."

On the other side, a growing anger is apparent everywhere in the gay community. On June 26, the usual parades to celebrate gay pride week were replaced by masses of angry marchers: 150,000 in San Francisco, 50,000 in New York City, 20,000 in Los Angeles, and so on, across the nation. There were even the first stirrings of international solidarity: in Barcelona, where homosexual organizations are illegal, 4,000 gay marchers were scattered with rubber bullets.

However, the gay leadership is as yet so scattered that only a schematic simplification is possible. The primary ideological division is between radical "movement" gays, whose roots in radical politics and cultural criticism lead them to stress societal liberation, and gay professionals who, probably reflecting the desire of the truly silent majority of gays, do not wish to appear threatening to society's institutions.

"Movement" gays reject the goal of having society accept homosexuals because *they* do not accept American society. They support mass demonstrations, a heavy emphasis on getting gays out of the closet, visibility of more exotic subgroups such as transvestites, and vocal attacks on Carter's presumed hypocrisy. The moderates prefer behind-the-scenes lobbying, educational campaigns that present a wholesome image, soliciting support from closeted gays, and winning Carter's endorsement for gay rights legislation.

The moderates are represented in Washington by the Gay Rights National Lobby, working for passage of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Koch bill (that as yet has only thirty-eight committed "yes" votes) which would prohibit discrimination on the ground of "affectional or sexual preference." All "unnatural acts" and sodomy laws must be repealed at the state level. (Six days before the Miami referendum, Nebraska became the nineteenth state to enact such repeal.)

The New York-based National Gay Task Force sees itself as the leadership organization representing gay America, a claim that "movement" and West Coast gays reject. Last March, the Task Force achieved a public relations coup by meeting at the White House with Midge Costanza, Carter's assistant for public liaison, who later traveled down to Miami to give moral support to gay activists. "Movement" gays saw it differently. "The administration put its blessing on the Task Force," one complained, "because it considered them safe enough to deal with."

As anti-gay groups strengthened their ties with the Right, the Task Force moved to solidify its liberal alliances. Co-directors Bruce Voeller and Jean O'Leary met in the office of Senate Majority Whip Cranston with representatives of the ACLU and four women's groups, including NOW and the League of Women Voters. (More recently, the Young Democrats endorsed gay rights.) Voeller is also counting on substantial black support, pointing to NAACP Exec. Dir. Ben Hooks's statement comparing the gay and black civil rights movements. The Task Force is now organizing opinion polls which it hopes will form the foundation for national gay planning.

From San Francisco, David Goodstein, the wealthy publisher of the *Advocate*, provided much of the staff and funding for the Miami campaign. Goodstein miffed the gay leadership last year by stating "they appear unemployable, unkempt and neurotic to the point of megalomania." Whereas the Task Force is trying to maintain a stance of sympathetic noninvolvement with the radicals, the outspoken Goodstein is supplementing the *Advocate*'s exposé of the Right with an attack on gay leftists who, he claims, will provide ammunition for the opposition.

A moderate force of a different kind is the Rev. Troy Perry, founder and leader of the nation's largest gay Christian denomination, the 20,000-member Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles. Perry has the potential to become a highly charismatic leader. He recently went on a successful hunger strike to raise $100,000 to protect gay teachers against Senator Briggs's attack in California.

"Movement" gays, such as the New York-based Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights (CLGR) and San Francisco's Coalition for Gay Rights, tend to see Goodstein as the enemy and many speak out against the "Goodstein-Task Force Connection," apparently unaware of sharp differences between the two. On August 20, CLGR held a march of 1,000 on the U.N., to demand that sexual preference be added to the human rights covenant. They also hoped to influence Carter and the New York Commission which has voted down the nondiscrimination ordinance five times. Their call for a mass convergence on Washington elicited only passive support from the Task Force and none at all from a recent gay conference in Denver called by the Reverend Perry.

Faced with a hostile Congress and conservative Burger Court, it is not surprising that many gays are focusing their hopes for a dramatic shift on President Carter, the one leader who, they believe, can be swayed by moral argument. A juxtaposition of Carter's statements reveals he doesn't know what to do with the issue. He doesn't believe homosexuality is a threat to the family, but he also doesn't believe society should approve it as a normal sexual relationship. "I know there are homosexuals who teach and the children don't suffer," he says. "But this is a subject I don't particularly want to involve myself in. I've got enough problems without taking on another."

Pragmatic motives aside, Carter is caught between the traditionalism which represents his roots (Anita Bryant, who is also a Southern Baptist, was recently endorsed by the Southern Baptist Convention) and the civil libertarians with whom he shares his political ideology. Carter is allowing increasing contacts between gay lobbyists and the directors of executive departments, which leads Bruce Voeller of the Task Force to believe he will eventually endorse gay rights, as he himself is educated and as the alliance between anti-gay and right-wing (especially anti-ERA) forces tries to take him on.

Vocal gays are trying to embarrass Carter into open support. To quote one San Francisco placard, "Carter, hypocrite, human rights begin at home." Recently a group in Holland called on Carter to make America an example and support the "civil rights of gay people in the United States."

But the true determinant of the gay rights issue will be the degree of popular support that can be raised for and against it. At first glance, the statistics indicate that a gay rights campaign would find a huge constituency in both the heterosexual and gay communities, but the numbers are misleading.

A claim made by gays that they make up at least 10 percent of the population has been uncritically accepted by most of the press. A recent Gallup poll found that only 20 percent of all Americans believe that gays are fewer than 10 percent, while 27 percent believe they are 20 percent or more.

A "conservative" figure of 10 percent would seem to give gays the necessary demographic base from which to launch a massive civil rights campaign, yet the gay subcultures in most cities (New York and San Francisco are two of the rare exceptions) appear small. Apparently, the 10 percent figure refers to individuals who have, as the Kinsey Report put it, "more of the homosexual than the heterosexual [experiences] for at least three years between the ages of 15 and 65." This hardly constitutes a coherent minority. Kinsey found that 4 percent of all men and significantly fewer women are homosexual throughout their lives, and even that figure is considered too high by most sociologists. The more recent Hunt study, funded by the Playboy Foundation, put the incidence among men at 3 percent of which, perhaps, 1 percent are openly active in a gay community.

Most Americans with homosexual inclinations are probably latent, inactive, married (as any hustler can tell you) or willing to engage in only anonymous en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counters. A public debate is likely to drive many further in, not out of, the closet, although each new generation which matures in an increasingly open society is more likely to join the cause.

Gallup's finding that 56 percent of all Americans believe gays should "have equal rights in terms of job opportunities" is also misleading. The Dresner poll, taken in Miami six weeks before the referendum, found that 68 percent felt gays should be protected from discrimination. It was a fatal flaw of Miami's gay campaign that it failed to test for the effect of "Save Our Children" advertising or the possibility of a backlash. Dresner explained after the defeat, "It is easy to give a humane answer to an abstract question. But the more they think about it, the less they like it." By the time SOC had hammered in the issues of recruitment, molestation (statistically a heterosexual problem), public display, dyke gynecological nurses (!), and role modeling, especially among teachers, the electorate smashed the referendum better than 2 to 1. Gallup also found that 65 percent are against hiring gays as elementary schoolteachers, indicating that the nation is susceptible to the same fear advertising that was so successful in Dade.

Americans are probably sincere in their belief that gays should have equal rights. But many apparently see a struggle over legal protection to avow publicly one's homosexuality as an assault on their values and way of life. The passage of consenting-adults legislation was doing well precisely because it had no effect on public life.

SOC tactics in Miami and anti-ERA tactics now being employed nationwide indicate that an organized anti-gay campaign will play on these fears. Homosexuals will be portrayed as bizarre perverts, while the program of gay radicals is presented as the goal of gay rights. An end to legal discrimination will be painted as a disguised Pandora's box, from which will spew the institutionalization of homosexuality into American life, through compulsory bisexual sex education, affirmative action, etc.

Even those who are not taken in by the Right's scare tactics will respond to the real dilemma imposed by the role-modeling issue. An open gay subculture will probably mean some increase in the number of "borderline" individuals who adopt gay and bisexual life styles, although in nowhere near the numbers Americans fear, given their inflated estimates of the present incidence. Of course, this will provide little consolation to the parent who fears his or her impressionable child may be among those affected.

Gay rights strategists will try to convince the nation that the sought-after legal changes lie in a far more tolerable range than the opposition has portrayed. They will counter the portrait of perversion and molestation with psychological studies which are confirming the claim that the gay life style is often a healthy and well-adapted one, despite a hostile environment. Here gays will find an important source of institutional support. In 1973 the American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from its list of mental disorders and called for an end to all

discrimination. Today, the list of organizations supporting this view reads like a who's who of the clinical and social science establishment—and, with some variation, the moderate religious establishment.

The role-modeling issue will be the most difficult to answer. The threat of a Pandora's box will be contrasted with the reality of northern Europe, where gay rights legislation has not led to the massive changes predicted by the opposition. Gays will point to studies which indicate a formation of sexual identity by the age of 5, and to surveys made during this unprecedented era of sexual liberalization which do not indicate any increase in homosexuality.

But studies have a limited appeal, and anti-gay forces are adept at keeping their opposition on the defensive, whatever the facts. To avoid that posture, and in response to pressure from vocal anti-rightists such as Goodstein and the radicals, the gay leadership will take the offensive and attempt to reverse the public's image of gays and their opponents. They will portray the majority of homosexuals as ordinary people, striving like everyone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else to lead decent, fulfilling lives, while a vigorous exposé of, and legal challenge to, the opposition's misrepresentations portrays *them* as the agitators, trying to enforce archaic codes of conduct which no longer correspond to the nation's values. The image of Pandora's box will be thrown back at the opposition as its own program of sexual and life-style restrictions is publicized.

What alarmists on all sides must realize is that the effect of the proposed nondiscrimination ordinance on the evolution of the gay subculture is more symbolic than real. As a comparison between the Kinsey survey of 1948 and the Hunt (Playboy Foundation) survey of 1974 verifies, the coming legal battles are only one manifestation of a shift in the nation's values that has already occurred, and with little reference to the law. The rising aspiration of gay Americans is only one expression of the new individualism that is becoming the dominant ethic in American life.

In the past decade gay activists have begun to find natural allies in those sectors of society that exert a primary influence on ideology: the media, the social science establishment, liberals, the new rich, the world of art and fashion, and the post-1960s generation. These successes, which are only now being noticed by the larger society, and the success of every earlier American civil rights movement, indicate that homosexuals will become increasingly visible. The dominant ideology will shift to the view that homosexuality is merely an "alternative life style" (a euphemism for suspending ethical and psychiatric considerations) long before the majority accepts it, as integration has become the dominant ideology in a still heavily racist South. Visibility itself constitutes the major leap for gay liberation if, as gays claim, what has repressed the evolution of an integrated gay life style and culture has been the real or imagined need for secrecy.

SOC's gay domino theory is correct—if you give them one right, they will eventually want them all—gays in leadership positions, open gay parents, even gay cartoon characters and commercials. Where SOC is wrong is in its belief that legalized discrimination against individuals can significantly slow the process, short of totalitarian measures that would destroy democracy. □

LOCKED UP WITH FEAR

STATEVILLE, ILLINOIS BASTILLE

JAY L. KAPLAN

Illinois' largest and most infamous prison, Stateville Correctional Center, conforms to the popular image of what a prison should look like. In fact, it might be said that this archetypal bastille has shaped that image, since it was the setting for *Northside 777*, a prison movie starring James Stewart. Its 62 acres are surrounded by a 32-foot wall of concrete, stone and iron that is so strong it once stopped a locomotive the prisoners had commandeered as a battering ram. The architecture does what it was designed to do—it intimidates.

I recently had the opportunity to tour Stateville prison. I was shown about by Mr. Nicholas Mellas, assistant warden for operations, who, along with other executive officers and top security personnel, was appointed to Stateville in June 1977. They had replaced the previous administration after the occurrence of a particularly outrageous series of incidents, including the knifing of one security guard and the murder of another, committed in the general context of brutality toward prisoners. According to Warden Mellas, he has been made responsible for an institution that is almost out of control. It is largely run by well-organized street gangs, such as the Blackstone Rangers, which operate within the prison as though it were a clubhouse annex. These gangs are headed by leaders who delegate authority through lieutenants and operatives known as "bagmen." The latter "collect" commissary purchases for redistribution according to orders from the gang leadership.

Sex, too, is arranged through pressure, intimidation, or assault. Warden Mellas feels helpless to control the nightly "gang bangs," since he lacks sufficient personnel to see that prisoners sleep in their assigned cells. Recently, he discovered that one man, a prostitute, had slept in forty different cells in as many nights. Although he knows that "E" block is filled with "shivs" and other weapons and contraband, he cannot muster an inspection squad large enough for an adequate "shakedown." Only within the last few weeks, he says, has he himself come to feel safe when walking within the facility.

Warden Mellas's problems arise partly from the institution's reputation, which scares off many potential job applicants; the turnover among those who do apply and are accepted into training is also very high. In the first six months of 1977, there were 5,711 man-days of absence—on top of more than 2,000 man-days lost because of vacancies in staff lines. The high turnover is accounted for by the fear that pervades the prison, the availability of industrial employment in the Chicago-Joliet area, and the numerous dismissals for incompetence or inappropriate conduct, such as trafficking with inmates. Of approximately 461 security positions authorized for Stateville, 139 are unfilled. Given the need to operate in shifts and the requirements of perimeter security, this means that precious few guards are available to supervise and protect inmates.

In his office, Mellas mused over how nice it would be to be a warden in places like Utah, Wyoming or Nevada; he also considered Arizona and New Mexico for a second, but dismissed them with a "nah." Then he went into the

Jay Kaplan is assistant professor of political science, State University of New York, Geneseo, currently on leave.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

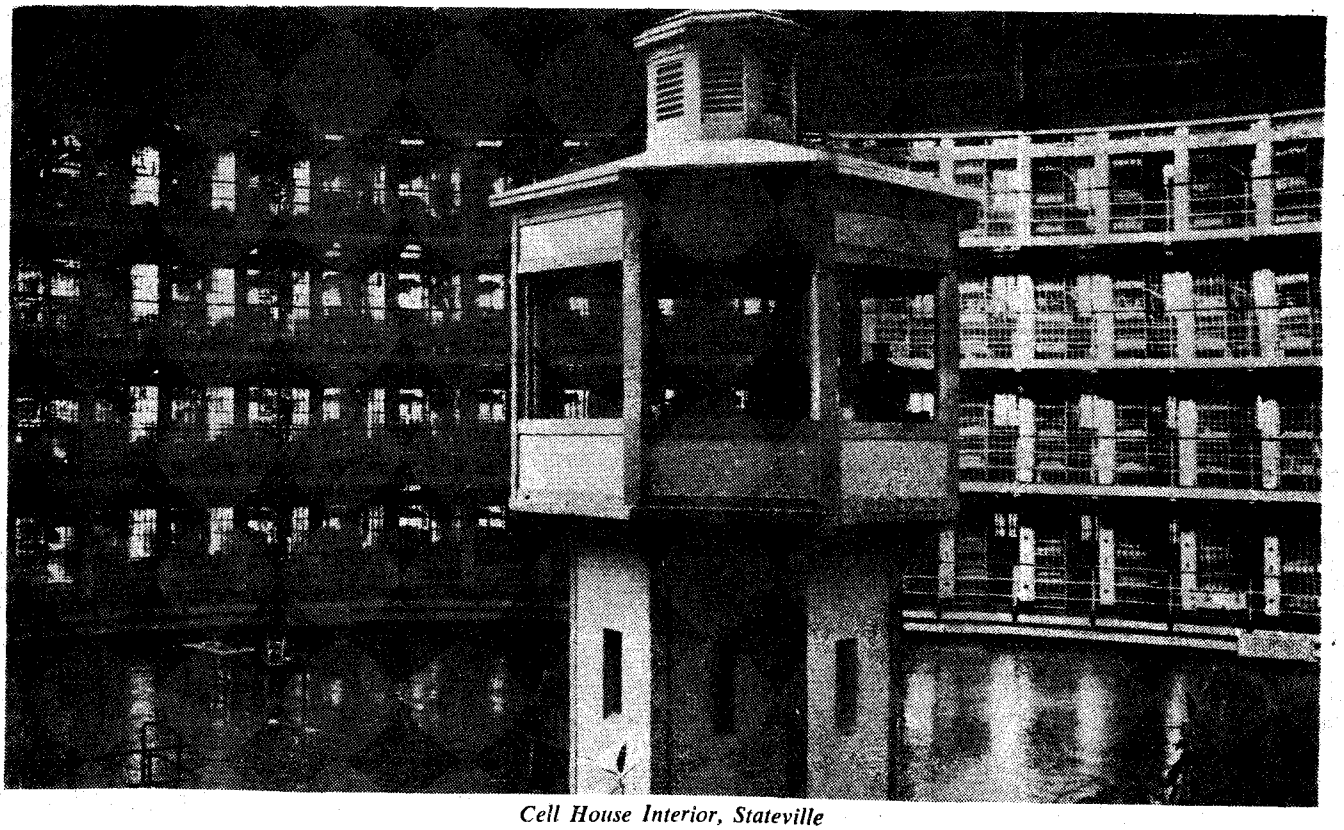
problems of recruiting qualified guards. "These guys who come to us, you know, you have to ask yourself who wants to be a guard? They have no education and, you know, they come from the same Chicago streets as the inmates. It's not like at Vienna [another Correctional Center], down in the rural southern part of the state. Here we get guards just like the prisoners, if you know what I mean—the same culture and life style. Not that I have much respect for all these guys with B.A.s and M.A.s in corrections. With just a sixth-grade education, I feel I can do a lot more than they can. They're dumb, I don't know what the schools are teaching them."

Warden Morris, Mellas's supervisor and the head administrator of Stateville, has installed an expensive television security system to help him keep tabs on his institution. Next to his desk, he has a panel of eight or nine screens that monitor the sprawling facility and its connecting tunnels. His cameras can zoom in on trouble spots or pull back to wide-angle overviews. From his desk he can also control the electric gates throughout the institution. This equipment is duplicated at a control room deep inside the facility, but with one exception: Morris has an override switch so that, even if rampaging inmates capture the control room, they cannot reach the outer perimeter of security. Obviously, however, such a system is no substitute for control *within* the prison. It cannot prevent the frequent assaults among prisoners or against guards.

Prisoners unaffiliated with a gang of their own, and others who are weak or vulnerable to enemies, may ask for protective custody. Out of approximately 2,700 prisoners, 500 have requested such housing, despite the fact that they are locked in their cells almost twenty hours a day. Even there, however, the gangs have infiltrated, and they operate with virtual impunity. The problem of gang terror is so severe throughout the Illinois prison system that an entire facility, nearby Joliet Correctional Center, has been set aside for the protective custody of young or fragile prisoners who require maximum security.

At Stateville the situation is so far out of hand that Mellas's goal is merely to contain the violence within the ranks of the prisoners. That is a classic technique of prison management, or of Machiavellian politics for that matter—permitting, sometimes promoting, gang or racial divisions among inmates distracts them from choosing the guards as a common target. As an instrument for this "divide-and-conquer" technique, Mellas has designated a group of reliable subordinates, largely of lieutenant rank, as his tactical unit, or "goon squad." Its job is to intervene when emergency situations threaten to reach the point of explosion. As the name of the group suggests, its methods are hardly restrained by excessive deference toward the law. In fact, Mellas suggested that the activities of his predecessor's "goon squad" were what touched off the recent epidemic of prison violence.

It is not surprising that in such an environment, Mellas responded to a question about the availability of rehabilitative programs for inmates with, "I'm not interested in programs." And so it would seem, according to information gathered from Marie Hall, assistant warden for programs. Besides the 500 or so inmates in protective custody, 500 more are in disciplinary segregation. Still another 500 are idle for lack of available work assignments or training programs. Of the remaining 1,200 in-



Cell House Interior, Stateville

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mates, 400 participate in some sort of academic or vocational training, and another 300 are involved in prison industries (learning job skills such as the manufacture of soap). The remainder form the underemployed prison work force. But a listing of even these meager activities exaggerates their importance. A great many of them are part-time; the premises where training takes place are old, dark, and unsafe; the equipment is often outmoded or insufficient. And at present lack of funding and of sufficient security personnel makes expansion unfeasible.

This leaves the great majority of inmates caged in their cells for most of the day. Those who have assignments spend about fifteen hours per day locked up; cell time for those who are unprogrammed is between eighteen and twenty hours. The cell houses are among the largest in the country. "B" House has 580 cells, five back-to-back tiers of fifty-eight cells each. The other cell houses are circular arrangements of five tiers with a tower rising from the center. From this tower, an armed guard controls the cell doors. Above the tower, in what look like air vents, are tear-gas launchers, pre-aimed into the tiers. But far from being able to control the cell house with this elaborate machinery, the guards are often pelted with various objects. It was in one of these cell houses that a guard was recently killed.

The major problem facing the Illinois Department of Corrections is the national problem—overcrowded prisons. In 1974, it had responsibility for approximately 6,500 adult inmates; today, the figure is about 10,500. No new institutions have been added to accommodate this influx; existing institutions have been used merely as dumping grounds for new prisoners. In 1974, Pontiac Correctional Center housed about 850 prisoners; today, with the same physical plant, it holds nearly 1,900. Joliet Correctional Center, where there were 727 inmates in 1974, is today jammed with about 1,150. The average daily population of Stateville was 1,956 in 1974; thanks to a court order, it has recently been *reduced* to 2,700.

Two new facilities are planned for 1979. They will hold approximately 1,500 prisoners—enough, perhaps, if there is no further increase in the numbers, to permit the department to achieve its goal of no more than two prisoners to a cell. State law in New York gives each prisoner a private cell, but there are no such regulations in Illinois. At Stateville, three-man cells are common; there are even cells containing five, six, eight, ten persons. Administrative standards call for approximately 50 square feet for two prisoners. Three-man cells are often 11 square feet larger.

What with the immense size of the cell houses and the sardine-like packing of prisoners, the filth of these quarters is abominable. The prison is infested with vermin. We watched two guards place a mattress in a cell soon to be occupied. Out of it poured a stream of cockroaches that crunched loudly under the feet of the corrections officers. Perhaps the only positive comment one could make about vermin is that they are democratic; I watched with a certain amusement as Warden Mellas's assistant, a candidate for a master's degree in corrections, set a rat trap in the warden's office. Mellas explains these conditions in three ways: (*1*) the state lets pest-control contracts to the lowest bidder, rather than to the one most qualified and responsible; (*2*) there is only one plumber for the entire institution, and (*3*) "the prisoners want to live this way."

It follows from these conditions that, though Stateville is filled with men in the prime of life, sick calls are in the hundreds each day. The quality of the care is dubious. Federal courts are currently examining prison medical care in Illinois, and finding it to be largely inadequate. "We're g tting killed," was Mellas's comment regarding the anticipated expenses of improved care.

What of other services? Stateville is under court order to make changes in its kitchens, and one can only imagine the hazards of cooking for 2,700 individuals under such conditions of sanitation. Including supervisors, fifteen counselors are available for inmates, a ratio of approximately 200 to 1. As I toured the facility, I gradually came to understand Mellas's sardonic laugh in response to such questions as: What is your philosophy of corrections? How is morale? Is security a problem? What is your success rate in rehabilitative programs?

Corrections people have a reputation in government circles for being secretive and defensive, for feeling that no one outside understands. Some speak of the "mystique" of prisons; surely, that is part of it. The other part is that no one outside *can* understand the terrible things that go on inside, the awful secrets shared between the keepers and the kept.

At the end of the tour, Mellas led the way to the back of the "orientation" room for incoming inmates. He unlocked a heavy metal door, walked in and turned on the light. As he closed the door behind us, I found myself facing the electric chair. In exquisite detail, Mellas described its operation and the procedures for bringing in the prisoner and strapping him down. He explained how hot water is pumped to the head to impede searing, and how it is mixed with a special solution to mitigate the smell of burning flesh. He explained that it would be his responsibility to give the signal to the one-way mirror, behind which the warden would control the levers. He took me inside the little cubicle. His hand grasped the left lever as he explained that the prisoner would first receive five seconds at 2,400 volts, then he put his right hand on the 600-volt lever which, he explained, would be depressed for thirty seconds.

As we walked out, he asked if I would like to sit in the chair. I quickly said no. He then flicked an overhead switch which triggered a very noisy exhaust fan, and said, "I love to turn this on when someone's sitting in the chair. It scares the pants off them." Then Mellas pointed through the glass doors to an antechamber where the witnesses would watch. He explained that there was a drain and that the entire floor was on an incline, so that it could easily be hosed down if someone "regurgitated." When he was asked if anyone in Illinois was still under the death sentence, Mellas said, "We have one." Then, he shouted, "We're all ready to go. Hallelujah! It's coming back." As I left Stateville, I was forced to wonder if it would not be preferable to incarceration there. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Yes, But What Was His Holiness Wearing?

GERALD WEALES

In the essay "Children's Books" in *One Man's Meat,* E.B. White, dismissing a volume called *Favorite Stories of Famous Children,* says with uncharacteristic acidity, "when interviewed Miss Temple wore white linen with hand embroidered triangles in Alice Blue." White's unvoiced suspicion that costume has little to do with literary taste seems obvious to me now, but I was a reader of *Modern Screen* and *Photoplay* when the White piece was written in 1938 and would have found unnatural any mention of a movie star that did not tell me what she wore. Not that I cared even then. I skimmed all those fan-magazine articles, leaping across descriptions of clothes, houses, menus, in search of information about what new movies were in the works. In the course of my journalistic upward mobility I learned that there were newspapers and magazines that discussed films without the gossipy surround. I put *Modern Screen* behind me, but without rancor; in a well-ordered world there should be a place where fans can read all the impersonal personal details about the stars but, for me, although it was a nice place to visit, I no longer wanted to live there.

Imagine my astonishment—no, my chagrin—in the 1960s when the fan-magazine piece escaped its confines and found its way into even so austere a journal as *The New York Times.* It was that consummate gusher, Rex Reed, who gave such pieces new visibility, but —perhaps because Reed started kidding himself almost as soon as he became popular—it is Judy Klemesrud who has always seemed to me the *Times*'s most determined *Photoplay* reporter. Before you could say "wearing an off-white impasto of elegant unguents," the *Times* had a gaggle of Klemesruds, some newcomers, some retreads. The original idea, I assume, was to give new liveliness, new humanity to the *Times*'s arts coverage, and those readers who would have settled for greater substance simply waited for the fan-mag fad to die. Instead, it burrowed in, developed its own formulas. Both readers and writers quickly lost interest in the details of a performer's, a director's, an author's daily regimen, and turned back to his art, his working habits, the immediate film or play the interview was helping to peddle. Still, the gossip genre left its mark. It has become part of the ritual of theatrical reporting that the interview be interrupted to let the uninterested reader know what the subject is wearing, eating, drinking.

It is not the history but the current state of such reporting that interests me here. It is best to begin with Judy Klemesrud for she can still handle an irrelevant bit of information with more insouciance than almost anyone in the trade. " 'It's the best part I've ever had,' Miss Shire said, looking like a schoolgirl in a white shirt, and argyle plaid sweater vest worn over a wool plaid culotte." If this interview with Talia Shire (November 22, 1976) shows Klemesrud at her purest, she is elsewhere capable of using simple description to make the reader uneasy. Consider her on Alain Tanner (October 24, 1976) and Bulle Ogier (November 21, 1976). "Tanner, who was dressed simply in a light green shirt and tan corduroy pants, seemed ill at ease as he spoke. . . ." and "Miss Ogier, who is wearing a plain white T-shirt and snug fitting black corduroy pants, doesn't mind discussing the films she has made, but she is reluctant to talk about the men who directed them." If Tanner and Ogier had changed out of their corduroys—or if he had worn black ones and she tan ones—would he have been less uncomfortable and she more open about her directors? What is Klemesrud trying to tell us about the connection between costume and a disinclination to talk?

In Aljean Harmetz's article on Hal Ashby (December 5, 1976), which argues that the man's life reflects his work, the details of dress and food have some point, but the devotee of the incongruous could take comfort in another piece of *Bound for Glory* hype, Bernard Weinraub's interview with David Carradine (December 4, 1976): " 'Hal didn't want me at all,' said Carradine, a fervent vegetarian who gulped apple juice out of a bottle." Another Weinraub, Judith, discussing the filming of *Julia* with Jane Fonda (October 31, 1976), manages this gem: " 'It's about the relationship between two women. It's not neurotic or sexually aberrant,' said the actress who was wearing a floor-length maroon sweatshirt and straw clogs." Sometimes reporters push the information quickly aside, as Harmetz does when she says that Frank Yablans is a "pleasant-looking man in Levis and pale-blue polo shirt" and then turns back to the making of *The Other Side of Midnight* (March 2, 1977), or as Anne Kisselgoff, the première compressor, does in her article on the Dutch National Ballet's "blue-jeaned artistic director, 43-year-old Rudi van Dantzig" (November 7, 1976). Sometimes reporters stretch the local color, as Joan Barthel does when she interrupts her discussion of *Network* (November 14, 1976) to describe not only Paddy Chayefsky's "comfortably tacky" office, but the clothing of the playwright, his producer and a neighbor across the way ("a man wearing underwear stands at a basin all day, nearly every day, washing his hands"), although in the last case I get the impression her report is hearsay, second-hand information from Chayefsky. Perhaps the most valiant attempt to make irrelevant details functional can be found in Joyce Maynard's interview with Nancy Walker (October 31, 1976): "Sitting in her hotel room, wearing a beige caftan, folding and unfolding a pair of embroidery scissors for the better part of an evening, she clipped off responses to questions about her life and 35-year career in show business like loose threads hanging from her needlepoint canvas." Alas, even in so inspired a simile, there is no place for that beige caftan.

There is occasional conflict between the word painters and their photographer accomplices. Melton S. Davis reported that Lina Wertmuller dressed in "heavy sweaters, gray wool trousers stuck in brown boots, and an old belt around her waist" (March 6, 1977), but while I was wondering where else she might have been expected to wear the belt, my eye wandered to the accompanying photograph which disclosed Wertmuller in a knee-length white coat with some kind of fleece fringe. It is

---

Gerald Weales reviews plays for Commonweal *and teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible that the director slipped into the coat after the lunch which is the heart of the article, but no such explanation can bring comfort to Joyce Maynard for her piece on Richard Pryor (January 9, 1977). After making much of Pryor's not wanting "his picture taken in his shirt sleeves" even though the shirt "was perfectly starched and creaseless, and the cuffs were french," Maynard must have been startled to find her fashion notes illustrated by four pictures of a clowning Pryor, wearing a turtleneck and an outer garment which looks vaguely like an old raincoat.

Unlike the reporters quoted above, Mel Gussow tends to be all business in his *Times* interviews, but who would have guessed from his judicious approach to serious new playwrights that he had a longing to join the crowd. He had to get off campus, into the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (January 1977), to tell us that Mia Farrow "was wearing Farmer Brown overalls and a yellow slicker (covering, I later noticed, a drab, tan T-shirt that was slightly frayed at one shoulder)." This lapse is relatively unimportant in the face of the in-house slippage that has begun to carry the reflex costuming remark beyond the show-business articles. Benjamin DeMott, interviewing Robert Penn Warren for the *Book Review* (January 9, 1977), tells us the poet is "a lean-cheeked, lively-eyed man of medium build with an outdoorsman's complexion," but he does spare us the details of dress; just when we begin to feel safe, however, he brings in Warren's wife, Eleanor Clark, "in blue jeans, cardigan and sneakers."

Over in the "Business and Finance" section of the Sunday *Times*, which is traditionally less jazzy than "Arts and Leisure," Philip Shabecoff, assessing William Simon's years as Secretary of the Treasury (November 7, 1976), explains that "because it was Saturday, [Simon] had abandoned his customary dark suit for a white wool sweater, a pink shirt, green plaid pants, white socks and brown loafers." William Abrams interrupts his "Spotlight" on my Penn colleague, Dean Donald C. Carroll of Wharton (November 20, 1976), to tell us that he is a chain smoker and has a "salt-and-pepper beard he grew while mountain climbing." Two columns into a business-section piece on the difficulties of the independent movie house operator, Edward Dickinson suddenly announced that "Mr. Lesser, 41 years old, dark-haired and sturdily built, has seen some drastic changes in show business economics," as though the changes would have been less drastic had the Mt. Kisco theatre operator been a spindly blond.

By this time *New York Times* addicts may begin to suspect that I am picking on their paper, but I am obviously a *Times* reader or I would not have had an opportunity to chafe at so many reportorial idiocies. To be fair, however, let me point out that the phenomenon I am describing here is not confined to the *Times*. In the *Sunday Bulletin*, in my own Philadelphia, I am faced with Leslie Bennetts's discovery that Mason Reese is "denim-jacketed" and eats "half a bagel with chunky peanut butter on it" (February 6, 1977) and David Shear's news that Sylvester Stallone "was wearing a pin-striped, three-piece suit . . . and a pair of gold cuff links shaped like boxing gloves that were given by Rocky Marciano to Joey Bishop and by Bishop to him" (December 19, 1976). Nothing in the *Times* touches the high gush level of which *The Village Voice* is capable. Carola Dibbell tells us that Jeanne Moreau "wore a girlish silk smock and funny little shepherdess shoes that laced around the ankle, rings, pendants, a smudge of eye shadow, and some mascara" (November 15, 1976), and David Tipmore consoles us for Bud Cort's absence from the screen with the news that the actor "wore an easy-to-look-at navy sports jacket, tennis shoes (not Adidas), a loose-fitting denim jumpsuit with wonderful half-lapels, a blue T-shirt and a St. Anthony's medal on a thin gold chain" (December 6, 1976). Even in a magazine as serious as *Mother Jones* (February/March 1976), Bo Burlingham, visiting the 1960s radicals, finds Wade Rathke, the founder of the Arkansas Community Organizations for Reform Now in "cowboy boots and faded denims which covered a body so loose I suspect he had ball bearings for joints" and Paul Soglin, the Mayor of Madison, Wis., in "a brown corduroy jacket, a blue-checked shirt and a brown tie which he frequently straightened the way a comedian will when he is building up to the punchline."

For all the variations on standard practice cited above, I may have suggested that the art of clothes-dropping is somehow static. If so, let me correct that impression. There have been a few breakthroughs. Robert Berkvist, who finds Betty Comden "casually elegant" and Adolph Green "tweedy and a bit rumpled" (*New York Times*, February 6, 1977), manages to suggest that he is describing their clothes when, in fact, he is describing nothing at all. Susan Braudy, in another *Times* piece (March 6, 1977), goes Berkvist one better by introducing a new method of character-

RETURN TO LA PLATA, MISSOURI

The warping bandstand reminds you of the hard rage
you felt in the heart of the town the day you said goodbye
to the park, silver jet, and cicadas dead in the sage.

The town is basic red, although it browns. A cry
of murder, rape, or wrong will always bend the night
hard into the broken grass. You listen close for sighs

of lovers on the ground. The darkness gathers light
and throws it down: something glows that you cannot name,
something fierce, abstract, given time and space you might

on a journey leave behind, a stone to carve your fame
on, or a simple word like love. *The sun is down*
or always going down in La Plata, the same

sun. Same too the child's cry that turns the mother's frown
brittle as chalk or the town's face against the moon.
Same too the moan of dog and diesel circling the town

in an air so heavy with cloud that there is little room
for breath or moon. Strange: in a town so country, so
foreign, you never hear a song nor see a loom

pattern dark threads into a history you would know
and would not know. You think you see one silver star.
But the town offers only itself, and you must go.

Jim Barnes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ization by wardrobe: "Robert De Niro's wife would look like a Gauguin fantasy even if she were attired in a Peter Pan collar and a crewneck sweater." If what a person is not wearing has now become material for comment, vast new possibilities for nonreporting lie before us.

Wherever the art goes, however, I doubt that any use of the device will have quite the grisly touch that Gail Sheehy gave it in *New York* (May 17, 1976): "A woman in a soft pastel coat-dress, a serviceable dress for a serviceable woman, and of a cut that would not accentuate her shapely figure; her shoulders hunched slightly to apologize for her height, her dark hair clipped and sprayed as precisely as a formal shrub." Sheehy is describing Helen Copley, standing at her husband's deathbed. □

GIFTS

When I gave her smiles,
she gave me a wooden bell.
I have never known such sorrow.

When I gave her some tears,
she gave me a small drum.
Now the neighbors know my joy.

When I gave her silence,
the green bird she gave me
flew down my throat.

It is with his voice
and none other
that now I sing in sleep.

Ricardo Sternberg

A Breath of Satire in Chile

FRANK MacSHANE

For years Nicanor Parra has kept silent. Then, some months ago, his poetry was heard again in Chile. The occasion was a theatrical performance based on his work called *Hojas de Parra*—or *Pages from Parra.* It opened on February 24 in a circus tent erected in Providencia, a residential section of Santiago. Subtitled "A Fatal Leap in One Act," it was a collage of circus and theatre, poetry reading and happening, deriving from his poems, some of them never before heard in public.

Two Chilean actors, José Manuel Salcedo and Jaime Vadell, were responsible for the production. Salcedo described it in the newspaper *El Cronista* as "an experimental work which tries to resolve scenically the metaphysical problem that lies between life and death." But with the actors dressed as clowns, trapeze artists and jugglers, a good deal of humor also made its way into the performance. Parra's satirical skills emerge in scenes such as one devoted to an imaginary political rally in a Presidential campaign. The name of the candidate is Nadie (Nobody), and here are some of the slogans and responses by his supporters as reported in the magazine *Ercilla*:

Nobody will put an end to inflation
Nobody will fix the balance of payments
Nobody will respect our rights
Who will realize our dreams?
Nobody
Who really says what he thinks?
Nobody
Who really thinks what he says?
Nobody
Who will give us a raise?
Nobody
Who will lower the rents?
Nobody
Who will increase production?
Nobody
Let's every one vote for Nobody
Elect Nobody
Nobody for President

The scene closes with a sardonic echo of the Cuban revolutionary slogan: "*Ambiguidad o muerte. ¡Venceremos!*" —"Ambiguity or death. We shall overcome!"

Pages from Parra also contains a scene in which the playing space for a circus act is gradually reduced as grave diggers bring in corpses for burial and set up gravestones and crosses in the arena. There is a banquet in honor of the Unknown Poet which also involves invocations and responses. It begins with a roll call for dead poets but soon leads to other things:

Gabriela Mistral?
Present
Pablo Neruda?
Present
Filet mignon with mushrooms?
Absent
A political constitution for the state?
We'll see about it.
Human rights?
Present
Rights for humans?
Absent

Pages from Parra, whose Spanish title is also a play on words that can be translated best as "Fig Leaves," was attended by many notables, including the former minister of education, the former Mayor of Santiago and the former rector of the University of Chile. The reviewer in *El Cronista* noted that whether one liked it or not, "no one could be indifferent to it." The notices were mixed, but the consensus of those interviewed after the opening night production was that "the play not only made them laugh, it made them think."

One notable exception to the generally favorable reception of the piece was published in the newspaper *La Tercera* under a page-one headline that read: "Infamous Attack on the Government." The reviewer asserted that the production was "a clear message of criticism of the present government" and said that it was "not constructive but Sibylline criticism." He revealed his own political point of view by putting in a good word for the regime, for he noted that "the fact that this work was presented shows once more that there is liberty in Chile."

According to *Ercilla*, this hostile review made the production. Thousands of people began to buy tickets and *Pages from Parra* became an overnight hit. On March 1, *Las Ultimas Noticias* observed that the negative review had created a storm, but quoted Salcedo and Vadell as saying they had no intention of attacking the junta. Four days later the Mayor of Providencia renewed the play's license, but a few hours thereafter the theatre was closed under orders of the National Health Service. *El Mercurio* explained that the circus tent had been shut down because of a lack of toilets, washrooms and fire extinguishers. For its part, *La Tercera* quoted the head of the Health Service as saying that "if the sanitary requirements are met, the tent theatre will reopen."

On March 11, *El Mercurio* announced that the sanitary objections had been met and that the play was reopening, but next day the Mayor of Providencia reversed his position and revoked the license. According to *La Tercera*, he explained that the neighbors had objected to "the offensive allusions to the government that appear in the work." He was also reported as saying that "possible hostile demonstrations" might take place and have "la-

Frank MacShane has lived in Chile and visited many parts of Latin America. His latest book is The Life of Raymond Chandler *(E.P. Dutton; paperback to be issued by Penguin in February.) All of the information in this article is derived from news articles published in the Chilean press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentable consequences." This reasoning was questioned by *Que Pasa* which observed that demonstrations of all kinds were forbidden in Chile.

At that point in the debate, all verbal arguments became academic: at 2:30 in the morning of March 12, well after the curfew, two unknown men drove up and threw gasoline bombs at the tent. Within a few minutes it was in flames. Firemen arrived and managed to put out the fire, but not before the theatre was half-destroyed. Two newspapers claimed that members of the company had set the fire, but with financial losses estimated at $15,000, most of the other papers agreed with *Ercilla* that it was an act of arson by hostile persons.

On March 17, *Que Pasa* printed an interview with José Manuel Salcedo. He said that the fire which finally closed the theatre had given it "a solemnity that goes with historic works of art." Next day, President Pinochet himself observed in another context that legal means must always be employed "to prevent irresponsible or subversive actions by those who, consciously or unconsciously, are capable of bringing about a return of chaos." □

The Song of Milkman Dead

SONG OF SOLOMON. *By Toni Morrison. Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pp. $8.95.*

EARL FREDERICK

In *Song of Solomon*, as in her two previous novels, Toni Morrison creates a black community strangely unto itself yet never out of touch with the white world. In this it resembles the slave community that thrived inside the plantation quarters from sundown to sunup, peopled by those able to wring familial and extended intimacy from common oppression—individuals whose feelings of joy and pain existed neither because of nor despite their blackness but simply within it. This intimacy, which does not prevent misunderstandings from arising, makes the ambiance of Morrison's fiction markedly different from the semi-anarchistic and anomic ambiance found in black works with an urban ghetto setting. Unlike these other fictive worlds, Morrison's is highly nostalgic. With an ear as sharp as glass she has listened to the music of black talk and deftly uses it as the palette knife to create black lives and to provide some of the best fictional dialogue around today.

Beginning with one man's effort to fly through the air and ending with another who tries to do the same, the story of Milkman Dead and his family quickly becomes that of many of us. Mining black American folklore, mysticism, and mythology, the novel occasionally rides certain black conceits, but the horse is not the race, and what might with other writers dissolve into cliché, with Morrison dazzles like a daydream.

The novel's characters are overwhelmingly needy, and they employ a wealth of material and psychological gadgets to meet their needs. Appealingly old fashioned, Morrison obviously sees love as an abiding need, and dignity and desperation as inseparable aspects of individual existence. Thus in a space of not quite 15 pages she depicts the loveless, middle-class life of Corinthians Dead, Milkman's aging elder sister, whose prissy and repressed upbringing has given her the worst of two worlds, black and white. In these passages Morrison's empathic range is sharply focused. Her particular concern for single, mature black women makes them more than merely dark spinsters anxious to couple; to their plight racism has added the damage of an artificial scarcity by denying an outsized number of black men stable and lucrative work, which is, after all, conventional courtship's linchpin. Indeed, the number of single stable remoralized black women approaching middle age is perhaps as large as the number of unemployed, demoralized black men doing the same.

Neither money nor a sunken spirit are Milkman's problem. Slow to start on his way to becoming a person, he takes a whole lifetime to embrace a loved one. Isolated from others, constantly protected and tolerated by them, he has lived the life of a man without ever being one. His search for material and spiritual riches leads him to the riddle of his own existence, a riddle he only learned of as he was on the verge of the answer. Crucial to his epiphany is his aunt Pilate, tough, vivid, and lovable, a wine maker and a root worker, who from the first moment of the novel is tied more strongly to Milkman's past and future than his own mother. Pilate's song, which is the "Song of Solomon" of the title, is sung to relieve her gloom. Her wisdom is savingly female and laced with a highly developed generosity; it offers marked contrast to the avaricious materialistic intelligence of Macon Dead, her brother and Milkman's father, or the closed-minded pragmatism of Guitar Baines, Milkman's friend, for both of whom inflexibility is not just a fault of character but a fault of an historically warped manhood.

We should be careful, however, not to read this as a novel of redemption through women, since the women here, except Pilate, again and again succumb to feelings of deprivation and are, for the most part, weaker than men. Pilate is simply a phenomenon, a woman without a navel whose physical peculiarity might also represent her position beyond or apart from the scars of both sexes and races. Her oddity is often the occasion for Morrison to dip deeply into social and psychological reality as in the following passage describing the male ego's marriage of polymorphous perversion and childish prejudice:

> After a while, she [Pilate] stopped worrying about her stomach, and stopped trying to hide it. It occurred to her that although men fucked armless women, one-legged women, hunchbacks and blind women, drunken women, razor-toting women, midgets, small children, convicts, boys, sheep dogs, goats, liver, each other, and even certain species of plants, they were terrified of fucking her—a woman with no navel. They froze at the sight of that belly that looked like a back; became limp even, or cold, if she happened to undress completely and walked straight toward them, showing them, deliberately, a stomach as blind as a knee.
>
> "What you are? Some kind of *mer*maid?" one man had shouted, and reached hurriedly for his socks.

There is much more in the book than tour de force: graceful sentences in which simple clauses bear whole themes, creating a beautiful balance between language and thought; the alternative concepts of manhood against which Milkman forms his own; and the character of Ruth, whose Jocasta syndrome lacquers deeper universal needs.

It has always seemed to me that those critics who have charged that black literature is not universal have followed the road of a culture determined not to see blacks as human. If there is any hope that a current black author can achieve, to the satisfaction of whites, not just an adequate but an irrefutable mix of black form and human content, as Faulkner has persuaded Yankees of the universality of his Yoknapatawpha, then it must rest with Morrison. □

Earl Frederick is a young black writer who lives in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stories Are More Than Scripts

FOUR STORIES. *By Ingmar Bergman. Doubleday/Anchor Press. 168 pp. Paper $3.50.*

HARRIET KRIEGEL

It is a difficult problem discussing the literary merits of a film maker, and one that would scarcely arise, except for the case of Ingmar Bergman. Bergman's talent for creating cinematic images is obvious, but when one examines his work on the printed page, it is equally obvious—despite his protestations—that his response to literature has been profound, that he is very much a creature of the 20th-century European literary tradition. Bergman has always managed to surprise even his admirers, but the publication of his *Four Stories* is especially startling in its translation of that literary tradition into novellas for the screen. More impressive still is the fact that the stories also manage to exist as literature in their own right.

One can, of course, repeat the traditional litany about the relationship of literature to film and drama: literary criteria can too easily be imposed on other art forms; scripts are mere sketches for performance rather than ends in themselves; Shakespeare and Shaw, Buñuel and Fellini, all must be performed to be fully realized. And Bergman, too. Having said this, however, one must admit the greater the talent, the greater the temptation to apply literary standards. For better or worse, they are still our primary critical standards. The very flaccidity of a critical film vocabulary emphasizes what we instinctively understand: that culture is primarily verbal and that we are forced even to speak of images only as we can bring them to life with language. Bergman's work is unique among film makers because it is so much a part of a literary tradition. His scripts, like his novellas, make provocative reading because they embody what culture is. "Here is a man who has done all we dreamed of doing," said Truffaut. "He has written films as a novelist writes a book. Instead of a pen he has used a camera. He is an author of cinema."

The visual impact of Bergman's screen images makes them hard to forget, but what is remarkable, and what we see so clearly in *Four Stories*, is how well he creates images through the force of his language. He uses words as incisively as he uses a camera, a point which bears emphasis because of the hostility his writing has aroused in so many critics (the majority Swedish). Some of his most powerful dialogue has been denigrated as adolescent or amateurish. Nothing could be farther from the truth —and the major value of *Four Stories* is the opportunity it offers to examine Bergman as a writer.

Like his movies, Bergman's stories are written with economy and precision. Words are used sparingly. Editing is tight; imagery is sharp and effective; unnecessary detail is eliminated. In the novella, "Cries and Whispers," paying almost brutal attention to a few details, Bergman conjures up another time, a subtly stifling atmosphere:

> Maria has lain down to rest in the room she had as a girl, in which the sunlight is touching the furniture and figures of a doll's house. A few large roses glow in a thin, transparent porcelain bowl. Opposite the bed is a painting of her mother when young—dressed in white, and with an open, searching gaze turned on the beholder. Maria rocks on the verge between sleeping and waking.
>
> Karin bends over her needlework. The sunlight reaches her from the side, gliding into her eyes under the eyelids, dazzling and hampering. She turns her head toward the light and lowers her hands. The sun floats like a burning ball among the misty clouds.

An extraordinary prose—and how accurately Bergman captures these moods and colors in his film. Even the quality of light so precisely delineated here is accurately transcribed to film—from blazing sunlight, to Vermeer clarity, to Renaissance shadow. The writer paints with language, then the director transposes the work as a process onto film.

> Next to the kitchen, I picture a space, a kind of storeroom with laundry baskets full of apples and shelves cluttered with all kinds of household utensils. In the middle of the floor stands a hand mangle. Anna is working alone at the green iron wheel, which she has to exert all her strength to turn. The damp, sweet-smelling towels are pressed slowly through the rollers. The wheel stops; she hangs over the handle and the board, getting her breath . . . she goes through the dining room into the drawing room. There, as in the other rooms, the light is without any shadows, like the light just before sunrise.

It is characteristic of Bergman that we find ourselves immediately involved in his stories. And we recognize this talent from his films where we are intrigued by the puzzle of *Persona* even before the titles are on the screen. Death appears with startling suddenness only several shots into the *Seventh Seal*. In *Sawdust and Tinsel* we are introduced to a small caravan of horse-drawn circus carriages, moving along a bleak, muddy landscape, and find ourselves immediately witnessing, in flashback, the dramatic, painful episode of the clown's aging wife exposing herself to a regiment of soldiers. Bergman accomplishes a similarly swift entry into the novella of "The Passion of Anna."

> My name is Andreas Winkelman. I am forty-eight. I remember it as a sultry October day. I was sitting on the roof of my ramshackle house, repairing it as well as I could, for after the last rain, it had started leaking in earnest. When I glanced up from my work, three suns hung over the sea. There was not a breath of air—everything was utterly still and silent. I lit my pipe and sat for a long time watching the phenomenon. Then a dark cloud appeared from the west and covered the suns; at last the wind stirred. The afternoon drew in. A dog barked. The sheep moved solemnly across the moor. Down on the road Daniel was carting a load of straw, his old horse jogging along. I climbed down from my lofty perch and went into the kitchen to make some coffee. The news on the radio told of various kinds of misfortune, but the announcer said nothing about my three suns.

Recently his strong narrative line has given way to much more shifting back and forth in time. In "Cries and Whispers," for example, the accent is on the Chekhovian mood as the mundane details of daily life build the fabric of story, place, and character. The characters of "Cries and Whispers" are particularly reminiscent of Chekhov as they attempt to communicate with one another only to abandon the attempt at the point of success. Indolent men and women seek meaning in their lives, but without the kind of conviction needed to produce significant change. The strength of Bergman as a storyteller lies in his knowing how to control and vary rhythm and tone, when to surprise, when to amuse. He knows when to introduce a theme, when to build on it, when to employ a counter-theme.

Despite the heavy influence of Ibsen on his work, an influence particularly evident in his portrayal of women, it is with Strindberg that Bergman himself acknowledges a special affinity. "The

---

Harriet Kriegel has completed a short film, Domestic Tranquillity, *for Women Make Movies, Inc. and has edited an anthology,* Women in Drama *(New Amsterdam Library).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hour of the Wolf," the only selection in *Four Stories* written in play form, reminds us of that strong influence, with its themes of vampirism, humiliation, and antagonistic but dependent relationships. Strindberg's technique in *The Stronger*, in which one character remains silent while the other performs a monologue which ultimately reveals the personalities of both, is repeated effectively by Bergman in *Persona*. In both works, the diffident, talkative partner is seduced by the glamour of her silent counterpart. Personalities are usurped. Tastes, clothes, even husbands and children are interchangeable property. Cat and mouse games, so inevitable in Strindberg, are made manifest in Bergman.

Like Strindberg, Bergman portrays a decaying aristocracy, complete with its inept and clumsy servants. And one finds in him that same peculiar ambivalence toward the petty aristocracy—the craving for its acceptance and the recognition of its inherent corruption. For Bergman, it is a class particularly dangerous to the artist, a class which will destroy even as it praises him.

Bergman shares his obsession with the dubious function of the artist and society's irresolute reception of him with another major influence—Thomas Mann. In a world subjected daily to masters of illusion, artists like Mann and Bergman view their craft with suspicion, instinctively recognizing that the artist as myth maker and the artist as charlatan are brothers under the skin. Mann recognized the relationship between illusion and political power. Certainly the increased ability to impose illusion remains among the most important aspects of 20th-century politics. We are, in a manner of speaking, all involved in show business. For the film maker, particularly, the reduction of art to the manipulation of technology is a threat against which one must guard. The artist takes the place of the priest and is often seen to possess magical powers. While the priest believed in his own sanctity, the artist is even capable of acknowledging his own charlatanry. The artist endures that peculiar schizophrenia of being revered, without being fully accepted. His potential for charlatanry is viewed with suspicion, and yet the more talented he is at deceiving, the more abundantly he is rewarded.

And if in Bergman, the artist suffers grave humiliations, he is also capable of humiliating others. One has only to remember *The Magician, The Seventh Seal, Sawdust and Tinsel, Persona* and *The Hour of the Wolf* to recognize that it isn't only the plodding bourgeois and the philistine who are capable of cruelty. The magician cruelly imposes his illusions on those who taunt him and question his powers. Once having demonstrated those powers, the magician becomes an object of worship and infatuation.

In the *Confessions of Felix Krull*, there is a passage in which Mann describes the worshipful young Felix's meeting with the charming and physically exquisite music hall artist. This seems to me a paradigm of Mann's view of the reality we impose on ourselves. Felix Krull has never seen a more beautiful human being than the artist on stage, but discovers that the actual pallor of his complexion is cheese-like, his hair false, one eye inflamed and watery, back, chest, shoulders, and upper arms thickly covered by repulsive pustules.

> . . . this grease-smeared and pimply individual is the charmer at whom the twilight crowd was just now gazing so soulfully! This repulsive worm is the reality of the glorious butterfly in whom those deluded spectators believed they were beholding the realization of all their own secret dreams of beauty, grace and perfection!

Life mocks art and the artist is left to question his usefulness. In *The Seventh Seal*, the actor dies a bogus death only to be chopped down in actuality by Death shortly thereafter. Perhaps because success is based so frequently on illusion, Bergman views artistic success, indeed any success, with suspicion. So many of Bergman's characters are like Aschenbach in *Death In Venice*. We never witness their struggles for achievement; rather we meet them when success has already been attained. But their attainment leaves them strangely unmoved; it seems of little value. Their very success in their work—Isak Borg, the doctor of *Wild Strawberries*, Ester the translator of *The Silence*, Marie, the ballet dancer of *Summer Interlude*—heightens their sense of separation from others, leaving them cold and empty. They are tortured by the sterility of their lives; their quest is to revive and fulfill lost passions.

While the bourgeois world may demand its dues for success, it imposes special penalties on the artist. He is doomed always to be apart, never quite achieving respectability. Like the boy in the train pressed against the window in *The Silence*, the artist is forever isolated. He flirts with stability, and like Albert in *Sawdust and Tinsel*, longs for acceptance and respectability; ultimately, however, he is driven by other impulses. Mann and Bergman are particularly tormented by this split. It is the price they pay for being the supreme artists of the bourgeoisie. Both describe the beauty, the limitations, and the pain of that beleaguered class, recognizing it as the source of their conflict and of their art even as they reject its emotional and intellectual striation. Mann's Tonio Kröger can speak for both of them:

> . . . a *bourgeois* who strayed off into art, a bohemian who feels nostalgic yearnings for respectability, an artist with bad conscience. For surely it is my *bourgeois* conscience makes me see in the artist life, in all irregularity and all genius, something profoundly suspect, profoundly disreputable; that fills me with this love of *faiblesse* for the simple and good, the comfortably normal, the average unendowed respectable human being. □

Fat Frank in Charge

THE COP WHO WOULD BE KING: The Honorable Frank Rizzo. *By Joseph R. Daughen and Peter Binzen. Little, Brown and Company. 344 pp. $10.*

STEPHEN D. SOLOMON

Frank Rizzo, South Philly's Cisco Kid, the tough, brawling cop who rode his city's crime statistics into the Mayor's office, was quick to accept an intriguing challenge on an August day in 1973.

His latest feud with Peter Camiel, the city Democratic Party chairman, had broken out a few days earlier on the front page of the *Evening Bulletin*. Camiel charged that Rizzo had offered to let him name the architects for city construction jobs in return for Camiel's support of a Rizzo henchman for district attorney.

It looked like another dreary City Hall scandal until the enterprising *Daily News*, an afternoon tabloid, offered to sponsor lie detector tests for the two men. For Rizzo, who once rushed from a black-tie dinner to a street riot with a night stick protruding from his cummerbund, this media event promised to add still more glitter to his image as a brash, *macho* politician.

"I have great confidence in the polygraph," Rizzo said just before taking

Stephen Solomon is co-author of Building 6: The Tragedy of Bridesburg *(Little Brown).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the test. "If this machine says a man lied, he lied."

Rizzo lied—on all six substantive questions that he was asked.

If Francis Lazzaro Rizzo thus became the first U.S. Mayor to flunk a lie detector test, it is one of the few achievements of his stormy tenure as Mayor of America's fourth largest city. The Rizzo years have provided endless fodder for the city's political writers, and now two of them, Joseph R. Daughen and Peter Binzen of the *Bulletin*, have written a profile of the Mayor and his administration, *The Cop Who Would Be King*.

Daughen and Binzen last teamed to write *The Wreck of the Penn Central*, an account of the demise of a great railroad empire. This time they have compiled a fascinating portrait of urban politics, and a unique style of politics at that. Other leaders have wielded as much power as Rizzo, and others have abused their power as thoroughly. But, as the authors make clear, what Rizzo brought to Philadelphia in 1971 was a bruising sandlot football game in which the referees were trampled early and never got up.

Sadly for Philadelphia, one of the few questions worth considering in terms of Rizzo's administration is how he managed to survive antics that would have finished any other politician. The authors suggest that Rizzo is a kind of urban Populist, verbalizing the fears of ethnic voters in working-class neighborhoods like Fishtown, Bridesburg and Manayunk who heretofore had no active spokesmen:

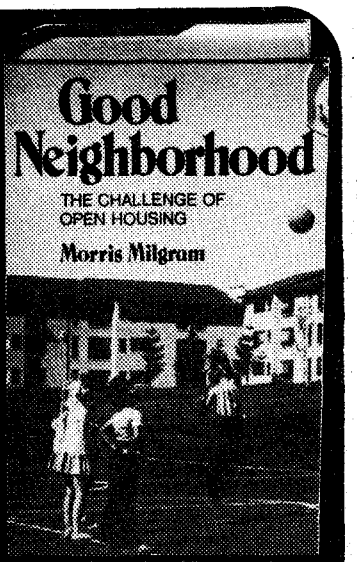
> In the white ethnic neighborhoods . . . things only seemed to get worse. It was their children who were shaken down for their lunch money. It was their taxes that were raised to pay increased welfare benefits. They were leaderless. When they did organize to protest, nobody listened. Worse yet, they came off looking like a bunch of red-necked bigots.
>
> And so they turned to Frank Rizzo. In an era of rising crime, other cities had elected policemen to run their government. But they were not like Frank Rizzo. They were college-educated, with degrees in sociology or law. Rizzo was an eleventh-grade dropout, a lusty, brawling, profane street cop who let "the experts" worry about the causes of crime while he busied himself with busting heads. . . . Frank Rizzo would be their protector, their father figure, their *padrone*.

Skillful politicians have often triumphed on such beginnings. Richard Nixon, whom Democrat Rizzo once admired as "the greatest President this country ever had," worked long hours to become an accomplished redbaiter; this gave him enough credit to go to China years later without anyone suspecting he would betray our cold-war ideals. Rizzo held a similar position of trust with middle-class voters, but he never exploited it in a way that brought favor on his administration.

"Frank Rizzo chose not go to Peking, or to Columbia Avenue [the heart of North Philadelphia's black ghetto]," the authors write. "He failed to recognize the role that the city's growing black middle class could play in making Philadelphia a strong, vibrant city. He failed to recognize his own power to do something that no other Philadelphia resident could do."

Instead, Rizzo saw the Mayor's office as an opportunity to solidify the power he had been accumulating as the city's top lawman. On the streets of Little Italy in South Philadelphia, and as Police Commissioner under Mayor James Tate, Rizzo never hesitated to intimidate the people he disliked. He raided

"Provides a fascinating account of Morris Milgram's pioneering work in developing integrated housing."
—CONGRESSMAN DONALD M. FRASER



Good Neighborhood

The Challenge of Open Housing

By MORRIS MILGRAM

"No one has fought harder than Morris Milgram to create one America. GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD is a monument to that struggle and hopefully a prophecy of the nation's future."
—JAMES FARMER

"The great virtue of Mr. Milgram's book is that he proceeds from analysis to program, drawing on his unique experience as the nation's foremost developer of financially and socially successful racially integrated housing to show us that truly good neighborhoods can be achieved."
—KARL E. TAEUBER, University of Wisconsin

JAMES FARMER, Chairman, Fund for an OPEN Society (NAT)
9803 Roosevelt Blvd., Phila., PA 19114

YES! Please send me _____ copies of GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD by Morris Milgram at the special rate of $7.95 each, postpaid. Please have a copy autographed to me. My check for $_____ is enclosed. (If check is larger than the book price, the difference will be considered as a gift to aid OPEN's work of providing modest-interest mortgages to minorities and whites for pro-integration housing moves.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Royalties from *Good Neighborhood* go to OPEN. Contributions to OPEN are tax deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strip joints and coffeehouses, ordered plainclothes men to shadow political opponents and allowed his officers to strong-arm demonstrators. As early as 1963, when Rizzo was named a Deputy Police Commissioner, the local chapter of the NAACP protested that he had compiled a long record of "persecuting Negroes" with "storm trooper tactics."

Once in the Mayor's office, Rizzo battled with anyone who disagreed with him. "The list of enemies is long, and it grows regularly," Daughen and Binzen write. "Those on the list have found that it is not hard to qualify. All that is necessary is to publicly disagree with Frank Rizzo. Then your city tax records may be examined, policemen may ask questions about you, you may even be followed. And the Mayor may vilify you."

Rizzo quickly took over the patronage apparatus in the city. To the 1.8 million he couldn't hire he promised no rise in taxes. That was accomplished with accounting gymnastics that brought the city to the brink of financial collapse early in 1976. Having just then returned to office for another four years, a tax hike suddenly became much less disagreeable. Wage, real estate, and water taxes went up by a record amount.

Despite a recall campaign last year that demonstrated deep dissatisfaction with his administration, Rizzo is considering running for a third term in 1979. The city charter limits a Mayor to two terms in office; with characteristic braggadocio, Rizzo is confident the voters will approve a charter amendment next year that will keep him in City Hall.

Although they have chronicled the turbulent Rizzo years in great detail, Daughen and Binzen haven't dug deeply enough to answer many of the difficult questions concerning the Mayor's personal integrity. When Rizzo decided to build a $400,000 home for himself (plans he abandoned after much of the house was built) on 6 acres of wooded land adjoining Fairmount Park and the Wissahickon Creek, the city dailies questioned how a man of his means could afford his own Taj Mahal. Where could he get the money to build and maintain the house? Were contractors and suppliers coerced into offering fire-sale prices? The authors raise the same questions, but they have no answer for us.

Perhaps Daughen and Binzen will return in ten years or so to give the final accounting of Frank Rizzo and his effect on Philadelphia. It may be, as a Rizzo election opponent once said, that he is "a unique character that comes on the political scene once in a generation to wreak havoc." Even so, cities like Philadelphia, wasted by severe racial and economic problems, afflicted with spreading urban blight, cannot afford an eight-year pox. Given the sorry events of the Rizzo years, one can only hope that the Daughen and Binzen book will make some difference on municipal Election Day in 1979. □

For meaningful jobs—
For exceptional personnel—
Use The Nation Classifieds.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The big in the theatre does not mean the best or, as the man said, "Small is beautiful." One example of this is *Rum an Coca-Cola* by Mustapha Matura (Chelsea Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.). It is gently poignant. It has a double theme. In the first place it is about a composer-singer of Calypso ditties, a folk-artist or, as he is called in the play, "Creator," whose popularity has waned because his musical mode is no longer in vogue. We meet him first with "Bird," a young friend and "disciple," who wants to learn the secret of Calypso charm. They are both literally on the beach now, trying to fashion a new prize-winning song. They drink rum and earn a few Trinidad dollars by regaling passing American tourists with an old hit, *Rum and Coca-Cola.*

The second theme is interlocked with the first: it is the change in social circumstances and therefore in the climate of the entertainment world, the change from innocence to that of a brasher time. Creator cannot fit himself into the crass environment of the contemporary scene. He would rather disappear entirely than do so. The harshly mechanized new day has no place for him.

There is a degree of melodrama in the slight plot but its effect is much more reticently melancholy than brutal. Even the ambiguity of the ending (does Creator go off to drown himself in the sea or not?) serves the play's mood and theme rather than its narrative structure. The inherent merit of the play is not in its story but in its feeling: a sweet humanity, a songlike quality of language and speech. There is regret at the replacement of a dear tradition rooted in the condition of a simple but by no means unaware people by its exploitation in nightclub commercialism.

DUST STORM

Midday dark, tumbleweeds throw
themselves at the windshield and part.
All land is whipped into a black cloth.
I steer by the flow of my sweat.

Islands of steel and glass
startle me into direction.
Don't stop they cry
from the accordioned cars.
Someone's behind you.

Someone's behind you.
I see nothing but sense
legions, sense that my hands
shake from the rumble of wheels
big as a man. I drive on.

A ghost's eye blinks in the cloud.
It becomes the flicker of a marquee
with a hand pointing to parking.
Under it, a town is, for an instant
visible. I hear the pant of lower gear.

Night had blown in by the time
I left the movie to gape at the prairie stars.
The town's single tow truck hauled past
a steel ball, slowly, too slowly.
I found the car yards from a curb
imprisoned by tumbleweeds
with its headlights glaring
for miles.

Terese Svoboda

Both Leon Morenzie as the Creator and the handsome Lou Ferguson as Bird are natural, funny and winning players who authentically savor of the island soil.

There was an idea in Judith Ross's mind when she set about to write *An Almost Perfect Person* (Belasco Theatre). She wished to present a profile of a "new woman," a lawyer by profession, free, down to earth, intrepid. She runs for Congress, is defeated, in doing so loses a considerable amount of money and, politically doughty, decides to enter the race again for Mayor. (The woman, Ms. Ross is careful to assure us, is not Bella Abzug, to whom no "sex scandal," as in the case of the play's lady, is attached.) The project was not without its possibilities. The trouble with *An Almost Perfect Person* is that it is conceived along conventional lines of a sub-Simon or Kaufman script. There are not enough sparkling cracks; we are not sufficiently cajoled into suspending disbelief. It is all too baldly stagey with old MGM and Paramount Pictures devices. The show's asset is that excellent actress Colleen Dewhurst, one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Betcha you'd like it

If someone gave you a gift subscription to The Nation. How about vice versa? It makes an ideal gift for:

Birthdays

NOEL

Activists

Non-Activists

Bookworms

Students

24 ISSUES FOR $12.00

To:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

From:

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

THE NATION

333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

of the most truly womanly, deep-breasted and wise players on Broadway's boards today. She has been appreciatively directed by another such actress, Zoe Caldwell. Fifty years ago a play of this sort with such an actress might have been a box-office success.

On weekends (Wednesday to Sunday) at the Playhouse (359 W. 48th St.) the Labor Theatre is offering a new play, *Night Shift* by Martin Goldsmith, staged by the organization's artistic director C.R. Portz. It might be called a day in the life of Al Murphy, steelworker. Though strong, his job is ruining his health, the pleasures of his home life are running thin, he is becoming increasingly exasperated by the emptiness and strenuousness of his existence; he moves in circles of grueling toil, drink and card games, and is slowly edging toward violence. Yet for all that he endures, with no stain of ill will or baseness. Rip Torn plays the role, and he has his moments as do several other members of the cast.

The enterprise is laudable. The script is crudely simplistic. I note the occasion because I believe such an organization as the Labor Theatre has importance in its commitment to the stage presentation of working-class concerns, nowadays very rare. As a friend of the "movement" I have a suggestion. Unless the Labor Theatre finds a script of dramatically sound quality it should devote itself chiefly to semi-historical or documentary chronicles such as those I have seen it do in the past: about the establishment of labor unions and John L. Lewis's role in their creation, or the Wobblies and Bill Heywood's strength and weakness in his leadership of the IWW. Still I cannot end my comment without noting that the audience the night I saw *Night Shift* (not the opening) seemed to respond to the play with positive sentiments. In relation to such a production that reaction has a significance which should not be overlooked. There is an audience in our town for whom such plays, despite their shortcomings, are not only relevant but affecting.

Oh, *Dracula*, where is your bite? When our world was relatively peaceful, tales of horror produced shivers. Now that terror stalks the streets such fiction becomes laughable; hence nostalgic and camp. The new *Dracula* fills that bill. It offers no thrills, except for tricks of magic disappearance. The rest is done for yaks. The show is a hit (Martin Beck Theatre).

Frank Langella as the fearsome Count is picturesque. A character actor, he was at his best in Lowell's *Benito Cereno* and Albee's *Seascape*. The outstanding performance in this revival is that of Jerome Dempsey, unabashedly operatic as the amazing thaumaturgist, Abraham Van Helsing. Settings and costumes by Edward Gorey, special effects by Lynn Pecktal, and the property department under Dennis Rosa's direction all contribute to the claptrap.

In line with my opening sentence, I might add, apropos of the Furth, Kander and Ebb so-called "new musical," that the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse—Liza Minnelli (Majestic Theatre). She is shapely and energetic, though praise for the latter trait is pointless in this instance if compared to the performances we see in *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God*, *The Wiz* or *Bubbling Brown Sugar*. If readers of this journal exist who are prepared to pay $25 for an orchestra seat (or the cheaper ones in proportion) they are crazy. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Inevitably, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* has remained on the fringes of the operatic repertory. In its intimate concern with the sounds and rhythms of the French language, it stoutly resists translation, nor does it offer obvious compensatory attractions to hold the attention of listeners who don't understand French. Little enough happens on stage (although Debussy excised the more obviously and tiresomely "symbolic" scenes from Maeterlinck's original play, which is otherwise set almost literally); the drama's portent and resonance lie in the questions that aren't answered, the events—such as Pelléas's much discussed departure—that don't take place. And the orchestra's contribution, developing a small number of motives over a range of tone colors and harmonies at once narrow and infinitely varied, reveals its beauties only on close attention, its relevance only in connection with the play's finer details.

In one respect, the current Metropolitan Opera performances of *Pelléas* have surpassed any others in my experience: the orchestral part was played more beautifully, and with more compelling shape, than ever before. Under James Levine, the Met orchestra is now on a level with any in the world; it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responded to this special challenge with delicacy and transparency of tone, impeccable ensemble and balancing of chords, sensitively nuanced phrasing. And Levine paced the music with both firmness and flexibility, aware of the implications of every chord, every line. Merely as a sensuous experience, the deep glow of the orchestral sonority would have been unforgettable; this performance was much more, at once newly minting the sounds and asserting their purpose with conviction and logic.

Within this framework, some flaws in other dimensions meant less than they might have otherwise—and indeed by the last of the first run of performances they had diminished under the impact of the intense concentration emanating from the pit. One of the major characters was tellingly limned, for José van Dam was physically, verbally, and vocally a superb Golaud, singing with steadiness and clarity, encompassing the man's weakness as vividly as his violence—a fine artist, who made his unaccompanied plea in the last act ("*Mélisande, as-tu pitié de moi comme j'ai pitié de toi*?") the climax of the role. Also strong, in this scene, was the work of John Cheek as the doctor, and earlier Claudine Carlson, as Geneviève, was stylistically sound.

The others were less effective, more through not projecting their lines with the native authenticity of van Dam than through any manifest vocal deficiencies. Teresa Stratas (Mélisande), Raymond Gibbs (a tenor Pelléas, as Debussy requested), and Jerome Hines (Arkel), failed to strike the right balance of word and tone—a balance that, historically, has been the property of French singers in these roles since the work's première but has rarely exported well. Short of importing a complete native cast, it's not easy to avoid this difficulty—but perhaps the most encouraging aspect of these performances was that nearly everyone improved as they went along, which suggests a certain seriousness of purpose around the theatre.

Further evidence of that seriousness could be seen on the stage, for the 1972 production (sets by Desmond Heeley, originally staged by Paul-Emile Deiber), was not simply thrown on stage by the book; it has been completely rethought. I didn't miss at all the pantomime sequences that Deiber had devised during the orchestral interludes—we no longer have to watch these two very verbal lovers suddenly conversing in sign language. Fabrizio Melano's new plan of action is mostly plain, mostly faithful to the score (there were not enough servants in the final scene to create a real presence, however), not very vivid; at least it avoided Deiber's awkward stylizations of posture and gesture, his unsuccessful attempt to suggest *art-nouveau* dramatic style. Heeley's handsome scrims have been stunningly relit by Gil Wechsler (whose work constitutes another consistent and welcome improvement at the Met); only the scene in the vaults of the castle misfires, offering too little spatial contrast to the sunlit scene that follows.

The Met *Pelléas* will return on February 27 and March 4, the latter performance broadcast on the usual stations (the Golaud then will be Gabriel Bacquier). Several recordings of the opera are available, including two competent ones led by the late Ernest Ansermet. Only Pierre Boulez's (Columbia M3-30119) comes near to the orchestral clarity of the Met performances, but not a single French singer is involved, and only the Mélisande (Elisabeth Söderström) is really in touch with the verbal wellsprings of Debussy's prosody. More stimulating as a preparation for the Met broadcast, because of its complementary virtues, would be the 1942 French recording by the cast known in Paris as "*la grande distribution*," conducted by Roger Désormière (EMI/Pathé 2C 153-12513/5); this is a model of the appropriate declamatory style, and an absorbing conception of the opera. A fascinating curio is the brief excerpt recorded by the first Mélisande, Mary Garden, with the composer at the piano (just reissued in a fine dubbing on International Piano Archives IPA 117); the second Mélisande, Maggie Teyte, can be heard—also with piano accompaniment—in late recordings of Geneviève's letter and a curious version of the fountain scene in which she sings Pelléas's lines as well as Mélisande's (in the recent Maggie Teyte anthology, EMI RLS 716). □

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A JOB?

The Nation offers a special service to unemployed professionals—You may place a position-wanted ad in our Classified ad section for $3.50 (three lines. Each additional line is $1.50. It is suggested that such ads be run in three consecutive issues for optimum results).

WRITERS • EDITORS • PUBLICISTS • POLITICAL WORKERS • EDUCATORS • PROFESSIONALS IN THE ARTS

Yes there is a hitch—If you get a job through your ad, we'd like you to take a subscription to The Nation for yourself or for a friend.

classified

$1.50 per line / 2 line minimum/ 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line/ Payment in advance must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. Classified Display: $20 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014.

PUBLICATIONS

WOMEN AND CLASS STRUGGLE: "Latin American Perspectives" offers a special double issue that applies to the oppression of women in all countries. $5. this issue or $12. for year subscription. P.O. Box 792, Riverside, CA 92502.

SOCIALIST VOICE, Trotskyist theoretical magazine. Fall issue includes articles on U.S. labor and the left and the theory of state capitalism. Sample copy 50¢, subscription $2.50. Write to: LRP, 170 Broadway, Room 201, NYC 10038.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

'TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design' available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

1971-1975 SET of The Nation, Volumes 213-220 available. Please send inquiries to Box 401, The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., NYC 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISCELLANEOUS

EUROPE? Planning a meeting, group tour, personal trip? Our direct telex and contacts are here to give Nation readers special attention. Call Murray Gross, Ramada International. (212) 986-0834.

ADVERTISING, graphics, writing, design, layout. Special service for organizations, institutions. New World Advertising. (212) 876-8022.

WHEN YOU want to hire a Ph.D. or a secretary, you might consider that the kind of person who reads The Nation is the kind you'd like best. Advertise your personnel needs.

Energy at any price?

Critical Mass Journal— FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW

published monthly
Critical Mass Journal
PO Box 1538, Washington DC 20013

EMPLOYMENT

FEDERAL JOBLETTER, monthly newsletter for government jobseekers—includes nationwide listing of hundreds of current federal vacancies, all grade levels, all occupations. Trial subscription rate: $3.00 per month (please indicate 3 to 6 months). Washington Research Associates, Editorial Dept., POB 32096, Washington, D.C. 20007.

PERSONALS

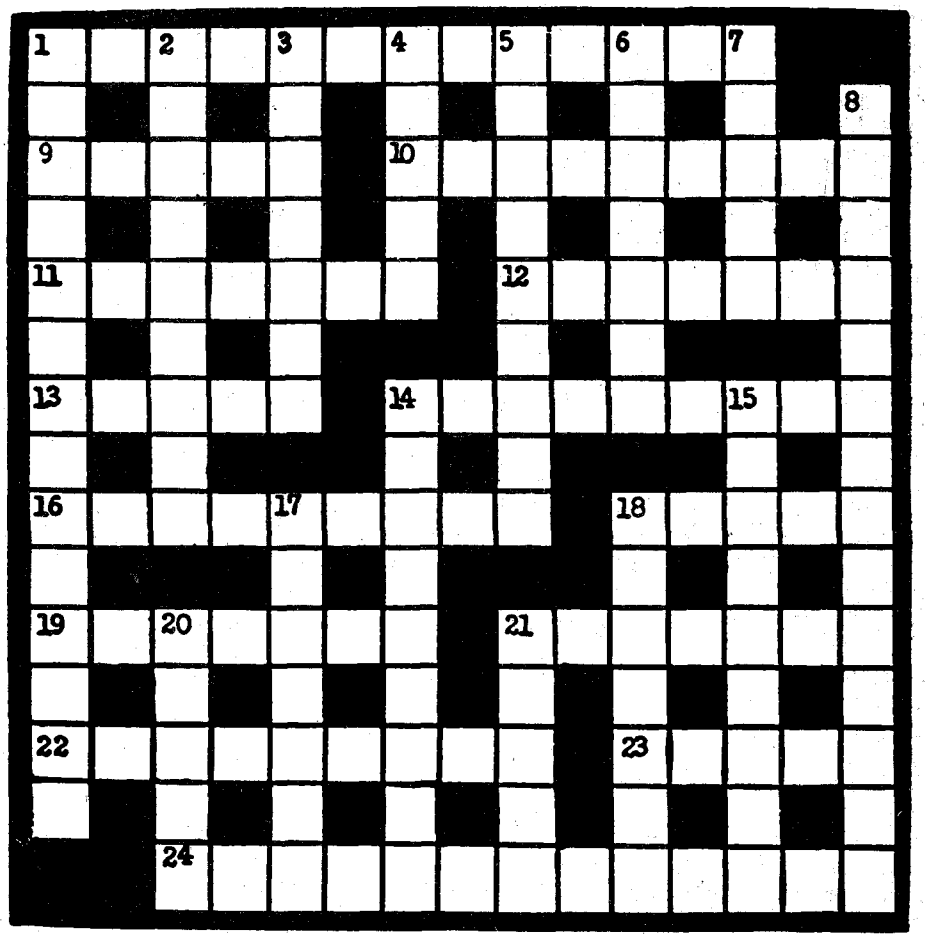
SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

GIFTS

DUANE'S REAL EUROPEAN HOME BREWERY, makes REAL BEER at home. A grand gift for someone you really like—including yourself! Absolutely nothing else like it on the American market. Not a toy or skimpy kit, but EVERYTHING you need to make delicious 100% NATURAL LAGER, DARK BEER, AND STOUT. Uses no additives, no filters, no nothing except pure European yeasts plus hopped malt extracts (malt extract is a pure water extract of roasted sprouted barley) from an old stone mill in Ireland plus your own sugar. All parts unconditionally guaranteed for five years; they will be repaired or replaced in event of failure. Pays for itself with sample ingredients included; after that your cost is $1.50 per gallon (75¢ a sixpack) for some of the finest beer you've ever tasted. Send $45 check or money order for complete outfit (N.Y. residents please add local tax). Price includes delivery anywhere in the U.S.A. (Deliveries to Canada and Mexico $10 extra for shipping; other foreign $25 extra.) Charges to Bankamericard and Mastercharge cheerfully accepted, but please sign your order and give us ALL the numbers on the card. (Include home address if different from shipping address.) Order by mail only from DUANE IMPORTS LTD., Dept. N, 508 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK CITY 10013. Post Scriptum: Agents wanted, especially on College Campuses. This is an honest product that sells itself on sight. No inventory investment, no high pressure, no rip-offs. Write for information.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1702

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It doesn't really clean down—it just cleans up. (7,6)
9 It's possibly on tape, as a compound of tin up here. (5)
10 As the French say, good-humored about a funny but vulgar well-known Italian. (9)
11 One probably liked white roses. (7)
12 With some light concentration, perhaps. (7)
13 Very light animal coming from Oz, in one recognizable form. (5)
14 In such all owe enough for a potentially tricky time. (9)
16 My starting out goes not quite stiff, therefore a large number get somewhat bewildered. (9)
18 A full one is 3 and 2. (5)
19 Rats! (In a small way, though!) (7)
21 Outlying district. (7)
22 Is one the most? (Personally, I consider six or seven to be one.) (5,4)
23 Points in the same direction around the cover you have to ignore in pronunciation. (5)
24 *Hippocastanum*—you can have a sort of laugh with such an old joke! (5,8)

DOWN

1 One whose charge needed a 22 getaway. (The coach didn't have a permanent position, reverting to a 14-across face-maker.) (5,9)
2 Those who might hope to win positions in the AA sprints? (9)
3 Uriah, for example. (7)
4 The correct direction, by title. (5)
5 Even yet! (9)
6 The Road of the Long Run. (7)
7 Draws the line, perhaps, with what a king does. (5)
8 What one might do to a hurdy-gurdy or oboe? (4,10)
14 It comes down solidly and praises the musical sound of something. (9)
15 Learned one is like to have it. (9)
17 Tiler, possibly, could show where to look for the ovipositor. (7)
18 Not many to be found in some dogs, but they might imply restrictions of some kind. (7)
20 Thrown from failing hands by John McCrae. (5)
21 A likely place to spot birds and fish. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1701

ACROSS: 1 Bear allegiance; 8 and 18 The pick of the litter; 10 Intentness; 11 Anon; 13 Guests; 14 Locators; 16 Alienist; 17 Reason; 19 Hate; 20 Polished up; 22 Rabbit warren; 23 Blank cartridge. DOWN: 1 Bathing machine; 2 Anesthetists; 3 Alienating; 4 Liking; 5 Gift shop; 6 Ache; 7 Pounds and pence; 9 Unconsidered; 12 Take the air; 15 Ascorbic; 21 Pain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only if you are *keenly* interested in political and social developments is The Nation (America's oldest weekly) a publication for you.

Our pages, unadorned by fancy "graphics," are full of straightforward writing beamed at adults of all ages.

We are not devoted to merely confirming your fine liberal convictions.

Although the Corporate right-wing is our most frequent target, we do not view any segment of the Left as divinely infallible.

Such writers as Ralph Nader, Nat Hentoff, Ted Kennedy, Studs Terkel, and many political and academic leaders write for us, not for our modest authors' fees, but because they want to be read by our intelligent and well-informed readers.

There is no other publication like The Nation.

We invite you to take a 10-week trial subscription for five dollars.

My five dollars is enclosed.
My name, address, and zip: _____

_____

_____

THE NATION

333 Sixth Avenue, New York, New York 10014

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED